W M Rozer

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 5 MONTREAL, JANUARY 31, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."'—W. S. JAMIESON, Dalton, Ont.

Christ at the Well.

A poor woman went one day to draw water from a neighboring well. As she drew near, she saw a man sitting by the well. She had never seen him before; he looked like a traveller stopping to rest himself in the heat of the day, for it was about noon. When she began to draw, he said, 'Give me to drink.'

Instead of directly complying with his request, she began to ask questions. Without satisfying her curiosity, he excited it the more by saying, 'If you knew who it is that says to you, "Give me to drink," you would have asked of him, and he would have given you living water.'

The woman was puzzled. 'Sir,' she answered, 'thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?'

'Whosoever drinketh of this water,' said the stranger, 'shall thirst again; but the water I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

What kind of water must that be, to drink of and never be thirsty again, mused the woman, regarding the stranger with surprise. 'Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.' Instead of at once answering her request, he began to question her about her family; and he showed such an insight into her affairs, that she was alarmed, and exclaimed: 'I perceive that thou art a prophet.'

He then went on to explain to her the nature of true religion, when she, willing to turn the subject, said: 'I know that Messiah cometh; when He is come, He will tell us all things.' What must have been her astonishment when the traveller answered, 'I that speak to thee am He!' Yes, she had met her Saviour at the well!

Convinced and conscience-stricken, the woman forgot her water-pot and ran home, crying out to every one she met, 'Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?'

Her story spread far and wide. People flocked to see the wonderful stranger. They besought him to come and tarry in their city. He stayed two days, and many believed in him on the testimony of the woman, and many more for what they heard from his own lips.

This unexpected interview of the woman with the Lord Jesus teaches many lessons, and one which it is especially needful for us to remember: it is this, that He is willing to come to us while we are engaged in the common affairs of life. In order to seek and find our Saviour, we are not obliged to make a wearisome pilgrimage; we need not say, 'I am so busy I have no time to attend to religion,' or think we are too poor, or too ignorant, or too small to come to Christ.

No, the Lord Jesus wants you to come just as you are, and just where you are; and He can instruct you, whether you know less or more; He can help you to understand Him by the most common and familiar things. When the Jews spoke to Him of the manna which God gave their fathers from heaven, He said: 'I am the Bread of Life, which came down from heaven, of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger.'

To the ploughman He says His doctrines are the 'good seed,' which shall spring up and bear fruit a hundredfold. To the woman at the well, He compares His blessings to 'living water,' of which, if one drink, he shall never thirst.

The smallest child can understand Him.

Palestine's Unchanging Proverbs of To-day.

So much of the soul of a people, of the trend and tendency of their world of thought, is embodied in their proverbs, adages, and sayings, that special interest attaches itself to the new collection of Arabic Proverbs that are published in the latest issue of the 'Zietschrift' of the German Palestine Society, by L. Bauer, himself for a long time a resident of Jerusalem, and which he gathered from the lips of the people in and around the sacred city. These proverbs, two hundred and five in all, illustrate not only the proverbial wisdom of a people akin in descent and mental make-up to the Israelites, but, in particular, reproduce in another shape and form some of the sayings actually found in the Scriptures.

To this latter class belongs the saying, 'No one is able to carry two melons in one hand,' which is the modern reproduction of the biblical 'No one can serve two masters.' The words, 'Whosoever is not white by nature cannot be made white by a piece of soap,' and, again, 'Whosoever is by nature a dog must bark,' or, again, 'Even if you straighten out a dog's tail a hundred times, it will yet curl up again,' are all three different ways in which the modern Jerusalemite expresses what his predecessor did more than two thousand years ago when he spoke of the inability of the

Ethiopian to change his skin or of the leopard his spots (Jer. xiii., 23). Sometimes the modern form is virtually the same as that of the ancient, as in the following, 'O thou that diggest a ditch of misfortune for another, thou shalt thyself surely fall into it!'

Many of these proverbs agree in sentiment remarkably with those current among modern people. The modern equivalent of the following expressions will readily be recognized: 'All new things glitter,' 'Venture into a noisy stream, but not into a still one;' 'Be one-eyed with those who have but one eye;' 'Much speaking brings failure, but little speaking secures respect;' 'The pot abused the pot-ladle and said, "Thou art black, thou ugly thing," but the ladle answered, "Thou and I are the children of the kitchen;"' 'Whosoever patches will not go naked;' 'On account of many cooks the food was burned;' 'A multitude without any fruit!' (for example, 'Much ado about nothing'); 'Stretch your feet according to the length of the cover.'

Even modern prejudices are seen to have their Eastern counterparts, as, for example, 'When a dog gets into Paradise, then a mother-in-law will love a daughter-in-law,'—that is, neither will ever take place. 'Never buy a she-ass the mother of which is in the same quarter of the town,' which intends to say that a man should never marry a girl whose mother lives near by. The same prejudice against women finds a drastic expression in the following: 'If there is one woman in the house, there will be honor; if there are two, the constant word is "slavish service" (that is the one forces the other to do the work, which the latter resents as a slave's work). Sometimes proverbs that read like modern sayings are not used in Palestine in the sense current in the West. Thus the words, 'A bird in the hand is better than a gazelle that vexes thee,' is not the equivalent of our 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' but purposes to teach that an ugly though peaceful wife is better than one that causes trouble.

Some of the sayings that are peculiar to the Arabs round about Jerusalem are strikingly interesting and well worth quoting, as can be seen from the following: 'A piece of property that is not guarded teaches people to sin' (that is, opportunity makes thieves); 'The righteous wish of a neighbor is a "must" for other neighbors;' 'He who has no shame is controlled by his desires;' 'A word in time is worth a horse;' 'Train up a dog, yet he will bite you;' 'The welfare of the stomach is often dependent upon a single bite' (used to indicate that a single word may often do great harm); 'Give the bear some silk thread to wind' (entrust no delicate piece of work to an awkward person); 'The camel limped with its lips, and it fell and broke its neck' (used when an excuse is offered that is untrue); 'Even an ugly monkey is as beautiful in the eyes of its mother as a gazelle;' 'The onion has become large, and has forgotten its origin' (used of a person who has forgotten his humble beginnings); 'If you strike a blow, do so hard enough to cause pain, but when you give something to eat, give enough to satisfy;' 'A goat with the itch will infect the whole herd' (evil associates corrupt good manners); 'The bachelor looks at the walls, and regards them as women;' 'A dog will bark even at the sultan;' 'Your tongue is your horse; if you guard it, it will guard you.' But if it runs away with you, then you are lost;' 'A narrow home is big enough to hold a thousand friends;' 'Although everything has not been gained, yet everything has not been lost' (spoken of partial success); 'His mantel does not hold even a bit of salt' (that is, poor as a church mouse); 'His father is an onion, his mother leek,—how can he have an agreeable scent?' 'A white egg from a black hen' (used of something remarkable).

The majority of these sayings are in the beautiful form common to Arabic proverbs.—'S. S. Times.'

We do not see all of the worst ruins. A boy starts out with high ideals. He meets the harsh dishonesty and cold trickery of men. He is poisoned by it and resolves to use the same means towards gaining his end. And he is never the same. His ideals have fallen into wreck within. He heard no noise for there was none. The ruin was within.

Religious Notes.

'It is a common notion that converts from Islam are almost unknown; but nearly every Christian congregation in the Punjab has some Moslem members in it, while throughout North India there are nearly 200 Moslem pastors or evangelists, and among them many eloquent preachers of the gospel and able controversialists. Over 100 converts of distinction have forsaken Islam for Christ, like the late eminent Dr. Imad-ud-din, who was formerly a most determined opponent of Christianity. In Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere, the fanaticism of the past has decreased; thousands of the young are receiving a Christian education, and the Word of God is gradually working its way into the minds of the people, who seem ready for evangelizing. The largest number of Moslem Christians are to be found, not in great continents, but in Sumatra and Java, where there are over 16,000 gathered into churches.'—Rev. T. ... Slater.

The 'National Missionary Intelligencer' publishes the report of the National Indian Missionary Society, which is full of encouragement. Organized in December, 1905, with the purpose of enlisting Indians in aggressive Christian work for their countrymen, it has established over 100 branches in different sections of the country, started a national organ, collected funds, and during the present month actually begun work in the Montgomery District in the Punjab. The first worker to be appointed is Mr. James Williams, a Punjabi, of Christian parentage, and a graduate of the Forman Christian College at Lahore. Over 40 candidates for service are reported, but some are unsuitable; two, however, were graduates, and four undergraduates. The Society is to be congratulated upon the progress it has made, the general interest amongst Christians that has been aroused, and the favorable circumstances under which its work has been begun. We hope that other unoccupied fields may be entered by it soon, and that more general interest in its work be awakened among Indian Christians.

Our Labrador Work.

FURTHEST NORTH IN THE 'STRATHCONA.'

Dear Mr. Editor,—The North Cape of Labrador is really on a large island. It appears as if the boiling tide of Hudson's Bay Straits, has, by the help of the ice, carved the channel through the land to the south of it. This is about half a mile wide and quite straight, just as a plain piece of iron cuts marble by rubbing sand against it. The action of heat has, however, really played the greatest part in its formation, and probably an earth contortion lent a hand also. It certainly seems as if there cannot be any portion of British territory that has experienced harder times than Cape Chidley. For it is absolutely barren. Continually battered and pounded by ice at the water level—the clefts and cracks made by heat, now as if in irony, everlastingly filled with ice and snow. The contorted strata themselves suggest the sensation of a fractured spine.

We raced through on the top of a boiling tide, the moon being full that very night. The rushing whirlpools at the side of the main current, with the sudden upheavals here and there, as if by boiling, of the whole surface in places, kept our friends, who were new to its vagaries, quite interested till we were safely through.

We had with us the annual mail for this most northern of the Moravian stations—and wished naturally to anchor close in. But though it was the 23rd of August, the bay was a solid jam of ice, and we had to land through some, and over the rest, as best we could. The great rise and fall of tide, about thirty-six feet, that night afforded us a most delightful spectacle. For the ice drove it on the high tide and grounded. At low water, masses that seemed quite insignificant when afloat, assumed most lordly proportions then—while the cutting out, that always takes place below the water line, afforded us beautiful examples of mushrooms, caves, tents, arches and every variety of weird ice architecture. We were the first white men the brethren had seen since last October, and they made us proportionately welcome, more especially as we brought their letters. They had just had visits from two families of Eskimo from Fort Chimo, a couple of hundred miles away across Ungava Bay—one man, a well-known roving Eskimo named Anarnak, and his two wives and both families. They had their skin tents, hyaks, and all their worldly possessions. Their mode of travel is simple and free from many of those dangers incurred in modern express travelling. You simply row off to a large pan of ice with all your 'stuff'—haul up on to the top, spread your tent and, sail away. True, you drift here and there, and occasionally go backward for a day. But in the end the ice has to pass out of the Straits, and so then you walk ashore. The pan of ice may split up and turn over, but then you find another one. On the way you must hunt seals, birds or bear. Collisions are not dangerous, running off the tracks impossible; nerves are not even known—there is no expense. The families had half a dozen fresh seal carcases when they arrived, and all looked as fat as butter. They are off on the Button Islands now, hunting the bears.'

At the Mission Station the seal fishing had been very good, and the rocks were so greasy from the recent oil blubber chopping, that the sea could scarcely be rough if it wanted. They had 750 old seals and 60 white whales for the fall fishing alone. There was little illness; indeed, this northern settlement is healthier far than all the rest. None of the families have yet been to 'Exhibitions.' We were delighted to find the general harmony of Cape Chidley desolation maintained also in respect of the tubercle bacillus.

The surface of the sea was frozen where calm when we at last came to get aboard again for the night—a new August experience, indeed, for many of us—and all night long angry ice was 'troubling' the steamer's sides, as she moved with the current, playing a surly music within an inch or two of our inappreciative ears.

There are a number of reefs and islands on the Atlantic side of North Labrador, some lie several miles from the cliffs. On a group of these, called the Mettek, or Eider Duck, Islands, we landed on the chance of game. In the spring the birds nest here in thousands. An Eskimo who went there in his kayak in June, told me he could have loaded his boat in an hour or so. As it was, to make sure that he only took fresh eggs—and not rowing the spinning or floating tests—wherever he found four eggs, he took some out and threw them away, and in the morning gathered all the newly laid ones. He said that the Eider ducks will continue to lay thus at least eight or ten eggs each. The people gather the eggs to eat them, but I should dearly like to see the bird preserved. In the north they do not collect the eider down for commercial purposes or the industry might easily be an additional source of income to our barren country. Numerous gulls nest in some of the islands and appear to maintain a friendly relationship with their neighbors, judging from the proximity of the nests to one another.

Darkness took us on a section of coast unknown to myself, and we had to feel our way in—which we did successfully into a most delightful harbor. This not only gave us a quiet night of much-needed sleep, but also a fine bag of young ducks before we made steam at daylight.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: M. D. P., Central Park, Vancouver, $5.00; A. W. C., Gaspé, $1.00; Mrs. Thos. Carr, Revelstoke, B.C., $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 7.00

Received for the cots: Stephen R. Swan, Tweedside, N.B.. .. .. .50

Received for the komatik: M. E. M., Ont.. .. .. .50

Previously acknowledged.. .. .. .$ 1,212.93

Total received up to Jan. 14.. ..$ 1,220.93

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1908.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.

John iv., 19-29. Memory verses 23, 24. Read John iv., 1-42.

Golden Text.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. John vii., 37.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 3.—John iv., 1-18.
Tuesday, February 4.—John iv., 19-42.
Wednesday, February 5.—John vii., 32-44.
Thursday, February 6.—Ezek. xlvii., 1-13.
Friday, February 7.—Rev. xxii., 1-14.
Saturday, February 8.—Isa. lv., 1-13.
Sunday, February 9.—II. Cor. iii., 6-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday we learnt in our golden text some very beautiful words that Jesus said while he was here upon earth. Who can say them? Yes, that is right, and now let us see if we remember to whom Jesus first said these words. Yes, it was Nicodemus, a prominent Jew who lived in Jerusalem and who came to see Jesus one night. Our golden text to-day is not so long—let us say it over together. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.' What do those words 'any man' mean? Was there anything like them in our last Sunday's text? Surely. 'Any man' and 'whosoever' mean just the same thing. We find that same word 'whosoever' in our lesson again to-day; look in the 13th and 14th verses. Who has found it? 'Whosoever' that means 'it does not make any difference who it may be.' Last lesson Jesus was talking to a powerful Jew in the great city of Jerusalem; in our lesson to-day He is talking to a poor woman out in the country, but He tells them both just about the same thing. He tells them about God loving and seeking his people in the world, and how he sent Christ to save them so that any one who wanted to might come and take what God wanted to give. But how did Jesus meet this woman and where did he find her?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The Judean ministry, about which John's is the only gospel to speak, had lasted now some nine months and the manner in which people had flocked to Christ's teaching had caused a not unnatural jealousy for their master in the hearts of some of John the Baptist's disciples (John iii., 26). This had brought from John his magnificently unselfish reply, but the little bitterness seemed to have spread until it reached the ears of the Pharisees. It was not the desire of Jesus in any way to lessen the power of his great forerunner and so he quietly withdrew from that region. He took the quickest but rather unusual route through Samaria and stopped at Jacob's well for the conversation of our lesson. The wonderful truths spoken to Nicodemus were met by surprise and lack of comprehension, and we must wait some years, until the time of Christ's death, to find that they really did have a power in the wise man's heart. In the case to-day, when the mists of ignorance were removed comprehension resulted in immediate action. The woman, persuaded of Christ's truth, could not stay to fulfil the errand upon which she had set out, but must at once return to spread the good news. She may be looked upon as at the other extreme from Nicodemus in society. Yet to the learned ruler of the Jews and the lower class woman of the despised Samaritans Christ had the same message to give,—the need of renouncing old ways and works and entering into the true spiritual relation to God through Christ himself. This woman must not be looked upon with too great a censure, however. Her experience was common at the time and is to-day in some eastern lands, and that she bitterly realized its misery was evident (John iv., 17). She was rather an example of the ignorant lower classes, and her conversation with Christ, recorded by John so shortly after the visit of Nicodemus, warrants their being considered together. It is true Christ started with Nicodemus from ground that he could appreciate, and with this woman from matters which she could more readily understand, but both introductions lead up to the main message. The insistence on salvation as a gift should be always kept in mind (John i., 12; John iii., 16; John iv., 14).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

It appears from Josephus that in the later years of the procuratorship of Pilate, there was an actual rising of the Samaritans, who assembled on Mount Gerizim, under the influence of these Messianic expectations. Who can say that they may not have been originally set in motion by the event recorded in the Fourth Gospel?—William Sanday.

Verse 28. They marvelled that he was speaking with a woman. It was thought beneath the dignity of a rabbi to talk with a woman about questions of law. 'Rather burn the sayings of the law than teach them to woman,' was the rabbinical advice. One of the six things which a rabbi might not do was to 'converse with a woman on the street, even his own wife.' 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a woman,' was an exclamation often heard.

We must not be too particular about the kind of sinner that we try to reach: Jesus took as much pains with Nicodemus as with the woman of Samaria.—Teunis S. Hamlin.

Jesus Christ said marvellous things about Himself. But is it not even more marvellous that people think Him modest, having said them? If one were forced to lay his finger on one single characteristic of Christ that is universally acknowledged, and that is really an unconscious confession of His divinity on the lips of every one who acknowledges this characteristic in Him, it is His humility. For Jesus Christ was the most boastful, the most arrogant person who ever lived if He was not divine. 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' 'I and the Father are one.' 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' Modesty! What modesty or humility can be found in those words if they are not true? Granted that Jesus Christ was what He claimed to be, and He is the humblest and most lowly-minded person who ever walked about among men. If Jesus was not what He claimed to be, how does it come that the whole heart of man turns to Him and believes that He spoke the truth when He said, 'I am meek and lowly in heart?'—Robert E. Speer, in 'Northfield Echoes.'

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

6. Now Jacob's well was there. 'One of the few sites about which there is no dispute.' It is situated in the fork of the two roads that lead to Galilee from this region, one running northeast to the fords of the Jordan, a few miles south of the lake, the other going to the northwest by way of the southern pass into the plain of Esdraelon directly toward Nazareth. The well is 75 feet deep, but was originally much deeper, as the bottom has been filled up with rubbish. The well is about 7 feet, 6 inches in diameter, but the mouth of it is a narrow neck 4 feet long, and only large enough for a man to pass through with arms uplifted. See Hasting's Bible Dict.

'Near the place where Christ talked with the Samaritan woman now stands a Baptist church, with a regular congregation of a hundred persons.'—'Jewish Messenger.'

Every person is full of wants, longings, desires, hopes, both of the body and of the soul. There are the thirsts for pleasure, for power, for money, for respect, for love, for knowledge. There are thirsts for the friendship and love of God, for forgiveness, immortal life, holiness, happiness, usefulness, heaven, a larger sphere, and broader life. The larger the soul, the more and greater are its thirsts.

The greatness of any being is measured (1) by the number of his desires and thirsts; (2) by their quality; (3) by their capacity, intensity.

All growth of the soul is by means of these hungers and thirsts, and their satisfaction. It is a sickly soul that has no appetite. Education, civilization, progress, goodness, always increase the thirsts of the soul.

Dead and Living Water. 'The old Greeks believed that before passing to the Elysian Field, all souls could drink from the River Lethe, and forget the sins and sorrows they had experienced in this world. The living water which Christ offers does not enable us to forget our sorrows, but it helps us to bear them. It is not a prelude to a life of ease, but a stimulus for the struggle entailed on all who follow Jesus. Nor is it an opiate which can only be taken at the end of life, but a fountain of strength always open.'—Alex. W. Dow.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

II. Kings xvii., 23-41; Ezra iv., 1-6; Neh. iv., 1, 2; Matt. v., 6; Jer. ii., 13; Psa. cvii., 4, 5; lxii., 1, 2; Rev. xxii., 17; Isa. lv., 1, 2; Psa. xcvi., 9; John ix., 31; Matt. xviii., 20.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 9.—Topic—Ministering to strangers and the sick. Matt. xxv., 31-46.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 3.—How Philip came to Christ. John i., 43.

Tuesday, February 4.—How Philip brought Nathanael. John i., 44-50.

Wednesday, February 5.—How Peter led many to Christ. Acts ii., 37-41.

Thursday, February 6.—A disciple named Tabitha. Acts ix., 36.

Friday, February 7.—The disciples at work. Matt. x., 2-7.

Saturday, February 8.—How to be disciples. John viii., 31.

Sunday, February 9.—Topic—The first disciples. John i., 35-42.

Use your class or lose it.

* * * *

Some things every Sunday school teacher needs—grit, grace and gumption.

* * * *

Some persons are born teachers and some have teaching thrust upon them.

* * * *

The best way to 'Stop the leaks' in Sunday school is to plug up the holes with parents and church officers.

* * * *

If we have a real desire to lead a soul to Christ it will discover to us the way in which to do it.—'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'

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Our Share in It.

Lo, I beheld a city vast,
A hall of State was there,
And all day long a crowd admired
Its architecture rare.
I, as a loyal citizen,
Praised well its sculpture fine,
And pointing to its grandeur cried,
'Part of that pile is mine.'

I walked adown that city's slums,
When noontide's sun was high,
Finding in human rookeries
Loafer and lounger nigh.
'A beerhouse fired the parent's thirst,
Who on the pavement sat;
'Ashamed, I gazed, and cried, 'Thank God,
I have no share in that!'

Yet some abstainers on now press
Strange doctrines to embrace,
To cure a city's drunkenness
With municipal lace!
And deem a civic rule will change
An evil into good,
And make a worthy citizen
Of a vampire fed on blood!

Go, tell your story, if you dare,
To dwellers in yon slums;
Go, listen, and their laugh of scorn,
Will strike your folly dumb!
'The banished public-house alone,'
They cry, our case will meet—
'Reforms first step; rescue the young,
Who fester in the street!'

O dark the day when Temperance fair
Shall pure ambition sink,
To gather in, and calmly share,
The profits of strong drink!
We, born of Temperance sires, and mute,
When called to voice their aim,
We regulate, and not uproot,
A nation's crime and shame!

Muster, O Temperance patriots true,
In battle's firm array;
One generation trained by you
Could sweep drink's curse away!
Hands, feeble now, in whitest frame,
Unlowered, the flag shall bear,
And on the mount Success proclaim
WITH DRINK WE HAVE NO SHARE.
—'Alliance News.'

As Quick as the Telephone.

One night a well-known citizen, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet.

His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for papa to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning and went his way.

But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of questions and caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft gloom of the fire-light knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound to the spot:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say:

'God bless mamma, papa, and my own self. God—bless papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober. Amen.'

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

'Mamma, God answers almost as quickly as the telephone, doesn't He?'—Selected.

When Black Looked White.

The broom-boy at a barber's shop wanted to clean a last summer's straw hat belonging to one of the customers.

'No,' said the customer, 'it's as good as new.'

Thereupon the broom-boy quietly hung up the debatable article between two straw hats of recent purchase. The contrast was astonishing. Grimy and yellow, the 'good-as-new' straw hat cut a perfectly disgraceful figure.

The customer gave a glance at it as he settled himself in the chair.

'Here,' he said to the sagacious broom-boy, 'I've changed my mind. You may take that hat, and give it a thorough cleaning. Hurry up, now.'

Thereat the broom-boy chuckled.

It is very easy to be satisfied with one's self, in any department of one's life. A man goes to pieces so gradually. Souls grow grimy so unnoticeably. We started out new. Day by day makes little difference—no difference that we can see.

But there is a difference, and a big one, unless we keep cleaned up. And if you want to know whether you need that cleansing or not, first set your life alongside the one pure Life, and then stand back and look at the two.—'Temperance Leader.'

Why Some Men Are Poor.

There is the tobacconist. The money they give to him brings them neither food, fuel, clothing nor shelter. It in no sense adds to his self-respect or material success. Why do they work for him?

Then there is the brewer and the distiller. Here, as in other countries, these alone thrive when other industries may be working at a loss. Who is to blame for this traffic? Who are its patrons? Are not the workingmen its chief supporters? Do they need urging or promise of pay to induce them to squander on drink the money for which their families are suffering? Why do they choose to fatten these industries on their souls and the souls of their families? Whom have they to blame? Why do they not choose as representatives among the nation's lawmakers men who will legislate these worse-than-cancers on the business body out of existence? Why do the voters uphold the liquor trade by giving the making of their laws into the hands of the liquor interests?

'Here, at least, the workingmen have the remedy in their own hands. They have not the slightest excuse for worse than wasting their wages on what brings them no returns but degradation and its accompaniments. The wealth won by railroad kings, corporations, iron-mongers or monopolies, increased by the toil of the working class, is a mere bagatelle compared to that which these same workers give away—thrust eagerly into the liquor and tobacco dealer's hand despite the tears and pleadings of their best friends. The industries mentioned give them means to care for their families to some extent, but to the three classes referred to above, not one offers anything but ruin and shame—the three-fold degradation which destroys body and soul; often passing on through hereditary lines, even to the 'third and fourth generation.' So long as men will willingly—nay, eagerly—become slaves to these manufacturers, they should be silent as to all other sources of poverty, for no man who has allowed the liquor and tobacco habit to master him can refer his downfall to outside sources. If the workingman will 'boycott' drink and tobacco, he will find many a dime in his pocket that would not otherwise be there, at the close of the day's work.'—'The Commoner.'

Opened His Eyes.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

'No,' said the landlord, 'you have had two already. You have had the delirum tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more.'

He stepped aside for a couple of young men who entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other stood by, silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

'Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin.

'Now sell me a few glasses and your work will be done.

'I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me.

'They can be saved; they may be men again. Don't sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake, sell no more to them.'

The landlord listened pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, 'God helping me, that is the last drop I will sell to any one,' and he kept his word.—Selected.

How to Break Off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason and that the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of all bad habits.—Selected.

St. Valentine.

The February issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be a kind of Valentine Number. St. Valentine's day comes on the 14th of February every year, but in Leap Year the day never passes without something happening that rejoices Master Cupid. This number will possibly set forces in motion in the right direction.

The cover has been specially designed for the 'Canadian Pictorial' by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. D. P. McMillan, and represents a young girl in maiden meditation with a valentine in her hand and the bewitcheries of Cupid hovering over her. Other valentine features will be found of interest.

The February issue also contains the life story of Florence Nightingale, who has just been decorated by the King with the order of merit. She is the first woman to receive it. There are sporting scenes, winter views and news pictures of events in various parts of the world in which Canadians are interested. Among the features will be a collection of portraits of the presidents of the Canadian Clubs that have now spread to almost every town in Canada. The usual departments will be of remarkable interest this month.

Correspondence

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—A friend of mine takes the 'Messenger' and lends the paper to me to read. I live in the city of L. I have two brothers, one is nine years old and the other is just a little over three months. I got a lovely bookcase this Christmas and intend to save up my money and buy a writing-desk belonging to it.

HAROLD SOUTHAM.

K. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to day school, but have never gone very steadily on account of ill-health until this summer. My eldest brother lived in the village of Grand Pré, where the Acadians lived so many years ago. We live in sight of the land of Evangline, and also Cape Blomidon.

ALMA F. MOSHER.

T., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy 10 years old, and I have a twin brother. My father went out West last June, and we are all going out next summer. When we go out there my two brothers and little sister will have to drive to school every day.

WELTON.

K. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 13 years old. I live near the river. My father has been dead about nine years. My brothers help to work the farm. We have a nice time here in summer. Sometimes we go boat sailing and we pick berries of different kinds. We have a nice orchard and raise a lot of vegetables and fruit.

BEULAH M. BALCHIDGE.

C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy twelve years old. I go to school and am in the senior fourth grade. I won three first prizes at the Richmond exhibition last fall, one for drawing, one for map-drawing, and one for writing, and one dollar for each prize. We all had a happy Christmas and I received many nice presents. I have two brothers and one sister. We have a few nice hens and they are laying well.

ELMER V. LACKEY.

E., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I came from England in June, 1906, and find this country fine, in fact I would not like to go back to stay. I used to live in the city of Birmingham. I have two brothers and one sister living, but they are all in England with my father, who is unable to leave England at present. If you like I will write a description of Birmingham for the readers of the correspondence page.

A. E. F. (aged 14).

[We shall be glad to have you tell us about Birmingham next time you write.—Ed.]

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years of age. I have no pets. I think this is a pretty nice place. There is a brook near to the house, and I and my little brother often go fishing.

FOSTER SPROULL MURRAY.

T. Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a pure white cat at home and her name is Muggins. We have lots of fun with her. She sits up and seems to understand so many things we say to her. At night when mother winds the clocks Muggins runs upstairs on the bed and pretends she is asleep. I am sure some of the boys and girls who read the 'Northern Messenger' would like a cat like ours.

GERALDINE MANNING.

W. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of one hundred and thirty-five acres. Eight miles away we have two hundred and ten acres of woodland and one hundred acres of marsh. We make butter and take it to A., two miles away. We had one thousand bushel of turnips, four hundred bushels of potatoes and four hundred bushels of oats. I spent my summer vacation at Truro.

EVERETT PIKE (age 12).

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl and I have a cat named Max. We spent Christmas day at my grandpa's and had a very nice time. I like the 'Messenger.'

GERTRUDE STEWART.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—We had an entertainment at Christmas. I was in a dialogue, and had a recitation and was in the singing. I got a lot of Christmas presents. We live just a little way from the school-house. I have a canary bird and a gold fish. I had seven gold fish once, but all of them died but one.

MYRTLE RUBLEE.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We do not get the 'Messenger,' but my little cousins let me have theirs, so I always look forward to Saturday when their mother comes to town. I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the drawings and letters. And as I cannot draw, I decided to write a letter. I have one little sister, and I think she is the nicest baby in the world. Papa is a contractor and he built seventy-five houses for renting this year. But, of course, they are small.

OLIVE GALE.

M. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have only been in Canada a year this past August from the Old Country. I have a dog named Carlo, and he is a great playfellow. I have three sisters older than myself and no brothers. I got a 'Marked Testament' for regular attendance at Sunday School. I like to look at the drawings, and some of them are very good. It is very cold to-day and we have to wrap up well when we go out. We start school to-morrow, and I am very pleased.

ANNIE GARDINER.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My youngest brother was married the day before Christmas and came home Christmas day. I have three brothers and one sister. We had a Christmas tree. My mother is expecting to go to Berlin next week and stay a week or two. I will close with a few riddles: 1. What is the most popular paper at a summer resort? 2. What fish is most valued by a lady happily married?

MYRTLE G. SIDER.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Just a few lines for the 'Messenger.' I am going to school and am in the second book. I went on the pony's back last week. I have one brother and we mostly drive to school. I was ten years old lately, but I did not tell them at school. We live two miles from the village. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School. We have quite a large class of boys. We gave our teacher a Christmas present.

W. STANLEY SLOAN.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are having fine sleighing. I have been to two school concerts this week and had a lovely time. But the last one was the one at the school I go to, and I took part in a few things. It was a good programme and a great success. My younger brother, 'ten-year-old,' sang a song alone and then sang two pieces with a little girl about the same age as himself. The first time they sang they were encored and then they came out again. They both are lovely singers. I have four sisters and five brothers.

ETHEL G.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Robin.' Maggie Parsons (age 12), B., Ont.
2. 'Red River Barley.' Irma L. Wood (age 11), E., Man.
3. 'For the New Year.' Norma Baker (age 11), Toronto.
4. 'A Bird.' May MacLeod, P., P.E.I.
5. 'Our Home.' Florence Smale (age 12), B., Ont.
6. 'Rocking Chair.' Nina Hickey, P.W., N.B.
7. 'A Lamp.' Edith Iler (age 9), K., Ont.
8. 'Great Horned Owl.' J. G. Matthie (age 14), G., Ont.
9. 'House.' Welton P. Farrar (age 14), T., P.E.I.
10. 'Duck.' Ella May Gunn (age 12), A.H., Ont.
11. 'Crinum Ornatum.' Norman Wheeler, B., Ont.
12. 'The Chippewa.' George Richardson Vandorf.

OTHER LETTERS.

Avey Clarke, Toronto, thinks that the answer to that riddle, 'When are little girls like windows?' should be 'When they are the light of the house'—very good. Yes, Avey, we like long letters and just as different from anybody else's as you can make them.

Saddie E. Smith, S.C., N.B., writes: 'I go to school when there is any, but our teacher is spending her vacation now.' The riddles enclosed have been asked before.

Clarence Hilborn, C., B.C., says 'the sister of one of our friends teaches us.' Clarence thinks there are some nice letters on this page.

Norma S. Arnedt, H., Ont., asks what kind of fruit do you find at the top of a telegraph pole?

Alex. T. Heming, O., Ont., has one brother and 'we have a bob-sleigh and we sleigh ride a lot.'

Consuelo A. Yuill, O.B., N.S., writes: 'I am eleven years old and in the eighth grade, the highest grade in the school.' However, study need not stop with school, need it, Consuelo?

We also had little letters from Nina Hickey, P.W., N.B.; Evelyn Keirstead, K.C., N.B.; Ruben N. Watts, G.T., P.E.I.; Florence M. Pritchard, N.W., P. Que.; and Murdena Creelman, P., N.S. All riddles sent in these have been either asked before or sent without the answer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Deed and a Word.

'A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
'A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and, lo! the well, by summer never dried,
Has cooled the thousand parched tongues, and saved a life beside.

'A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
'A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

Mulligan's Dunce.

(By Estelle M. Tidd, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

She came to school the second day of the new term. There was a new teacher, and Mulligan's Dunce had never been known to come to school the first day of the term when there was a new teacher. Among the rows of round, rosy faces, hers, with its sharp features and grave eyes made a strange contrast. A mass of unkempt red hair hung in two braids below her waist. The calico and gingham frocks of the other little girls were all fresh and crisp; hers was limp and faded.

Miss Anabel Rogers, the new teacher, standing behind her desk, heard the whisper, 'Here's Mulligan's Dunce,' when the little newcomer entered, a few moments late, and presently a suppressed giggle went around the room. An excited whisper came to her ears, 'Mulligan's Dunce's hair is jest the same color as the new teacher's.'

Then Miss Rogers rapped sharply for order, and went down to the little figure. The eyes of every pupil were gleefully darting from her coils and waves of beautiful auburn hair to the dishevelled mop of two red braids. It was true, the color was precisely the same.

Mulligan's Dunce informed Miss Rogers that her name was Margaret White, and that her age was ten, 'goin' on 'leven,' but how far it had gone, or how near it had reached eleven, she could not say.

Margaret entered upon her school work according to her usual custom. She sat doggedly silent through all her classes, and to every question asked her made the same sullen response, 'I don't know.' Miss Rogers soon discovered that she did no studying whatever, but sat all day biting her nails and pencils, and making faces, or darting defiant glances in exchange for jeering ones. The second day brought no better results, and Miss Rogers talked kindly with the child alone, but with all her reasonings and persuasions the girl remained unmoved. She refused to give any reason for not studying, and she refused to hold out the faintest hope that she ever would study.

A few days later, after the dismissal of the pupils one afternoon, Miss Rogers was sitting alone in the school room, when Margaret rushed in, greatly excited. One of her frowsy braids was undone, and fell about her face in a snarl.

'Miss Rogers!' she cried, her voice a shrill treble of fury. 'They said you was mad 'cause your red hair is the color of mine. I won't come to school another single day—never!'

A stamp of the foot emphasized the last word. The lean little body writhed for an instant in a swift contortion of rage, and then before Miss Rogers had time to call to her, the girl was racing like a wild thing through the school yard and down the street.

Miss Rogers did not hesitate. She put on her hat and followed Margaret hastily to her home. She found that the child lived with her uncle, whose name was Mulligan. The untidy yard was swarming with tiny Mulligans and their playmates, and the doorway was substantially filled by the rather formidable personality of Mrs. Mulligan.

'Yes,' she said, in answer to Miss Rogers' inquiries, 'It's inside her bedroom, Maggie is. She only jest bounced in, with her hair all in a snarl, and feelin' in a fine rage, and I sint her within to becalm herself. It's a ragin' timper the little baggage has. Yous can see her, ma'am, by stippin' in, not mindin' the dirt.'

She piloted Miss Rogers between the wash tubs and baby carts into the musty little parlor, and went to call Margaret. She soon returned alone. Her manner indicated that she disdainfully washed her hands of the whole affair.

'Go in to her, ma'am,' she said, pointing to an open door in the passage. 'Yous can make nothin' of the likes of her. A haythen is a Christian beside of her. The only way to fetch her was to grab her with one hand and drag her out, and I'll not be bothered with her! Did ye say ye was her taycher, and is it a scrap ye've been havin' at the school? Go in the room and baste her, ma'am. I have to go to me work, but I give ye lave. Go in and baste her, I say. Here—she'll git sinse in no other way!'

She thrust into Miss Rogers' hands a switch that showed signs of hard usage, and with a parting injunction to 'go in and baste her,' hurried back to the door yard, to quell another rebellion, which seemed threatening the Mulligans from that quarter.

Miss Rogers dropped the switch to the floor and went into the small bedroom, where she found Margaret standing defiantly in the centre of the room. Her eyes were swollen with crying, both of her braids were unfastened now, and her hair was in a wild tangle, as if she had been pulling at it furiously in her fit of passion. Miss Rogers went to her quickly, and put both arms about her.

'My poor little girl,' she said, 'it is all a mistake, and they are only teasing you. Let me tell you something. I am glad that your hair is the color of mine. I am really glad.'

Margaret could scarcely believe her ears. She looked down for a moment at the mass of hair on her shoulders, then into Miss Roger's face. It was tender with sympathy. A smile flashed through her tears.

'Be you honestly glad?' she said. 'Then I shall comb it more decent, and I shall come back to school, and I shall study!'

She proved true to her word. She studied laboriously—fiercely, it might be said—with her elbows on her desk, and her face in her hands. Sometimes in her zeal she forgot where she was, and studied aloud. The result was not always as brilliant as might have been expected from such strenuous effort. Sometimes she came to class with a perfect lesson, but her worst mistakes were a welcome change from the old-time sullen 'I don't know.' Her other promise to Miss Rogers she kept also. Every morning she appeared with her hair in such a damp, sleek condition as to indicate the most vigorous treatment. Her braids dangled stiff and rigid, with never a loose hair playing truant.

When at last the end of the term came, and the long vacation was about to begin, Margaret felt lonely and half sorry. There had been no flagging of the persistent energy with which she had toiled at her books; every page that she had studied, worn, and dog-eared, and grimy, told the story of her zeal. She was glad of a rest from study, but it had grown to be the keenest pleasure in her starved little life to dress her hair carefully and neatly, as she felt Miss Rogers would approve, to be all day with that adorable person, and to win the never-failing smile or word of encouragement that rewarded all her toil.

On the day of parting, Miss Rogers had kissed her good-bye and whispered some kind words to her, that swelled her heart almost to bursting. She had winked back the tears frantically, and then rushed home to shed them abundantly on the neck of the smallest Mulligan.

One morning, when vacation was nearly over, the Dunce met Mamie Smith on the street. Mamie seemed much excited.

'You can never guess what an awful thing has happened to Miss Rogers!' she said. 'Mis' Bliss, where she used to board had a letter from her, and she told my mother Miss Rogers has been awful sick—you needn't look so scart, she's better now—but they had to shave her hair all off. I s'pose they shaved it—Eddie Bliss says so—he's big and knows all about it. He shaves himself, and he says when they do that to sick folks's heads, they look just like they are bald-headed, and he says sometimes it don't ever grow in again, and he says they have to wear wigs. He says he don't b'lieve Miss Rogers can find one that will be jest the color of her reg'lar hair, and when they shave off your hair they always leave a little kinder fringe round the edge, and the wig has to match that. Ain't it awful funny to think of Miss Rogers with a wig?'

Margaret had been listening in silence to this description of Miss Rogers' sad condition, but now she cried out in sudden passion: 'It ain't awful funny, either—it's awful!—dreadful!' and she burst into tears. 'You ain't makin' it up, be you, Mamie Smith?'

Mamie immediately walked away in great indignation.

'Makin' it up!' she repeated, angrily, over her shoulder. 'I shall never tell you anything again, Dunce, as long as I live and breathe!'

Margaret ran home in sorrow and perplexity. She went into her topsy-turvy little bedroom, shared by several small Mulligans. She longed for a few moments' privacy, and as there was no lock on the door, she set two chairs laden with wearing apparel against it. Then she hastily unbraided her hair, and going to the little mirror, gazed through its coating of dust at herself. She had never thought much about her hair, except to regard it as somewhat of a nuisance until Miss Rogers had come. And since then, Margaret had exulted in the thought that in this one feature she resembled her teacher and—happiest thought of all—Miss Rogers had declared that she was glad to have it so. Ever since that supreme moment of her life, always fresh and warm in her memory, her hair had been her most precious possession. She hesitated only a moment, however, and then frowned and bobbed her head in fierce displeasure at the face in the mirror.

'You wicked, greedy thing!' she whispered to the face, vindictively.

She went out and brought in a large pair of shears. Then she put the chairs carefully back before the door. It would never do for any one to come in now.

'Guess I better braid it all up first,' she said to herself. So she hastily wove her hair into the two braids, and then, taking the shears, she placed them close to her head under one of the braids, ready to cut. It was not until that moment that the thought of her Aunt Mulligan's probable wrath came to Margaret. She put down the shears in sudden dismay and terror.

'It'll be somethin' awful the way she'll whip me,' she said to herself. 'P'r'aps even worse than the time I cut off that old straggly lock of Johnnie's, that always hung in his eye.'

The child winced all over her lean little body at the remembrance. And, besides the whipping, it might mean going to bed without any supper, perhaps for several nights. The prospect of much that was hard and dreadful confronted her. But at the thought of Miss Rogers' poor head, she gave a quick sob and slashed recklessly with the big shears, until both heavy braids were lying on the table before her, and she was gazing at them with something like terror in her eyes.

A few days afterward Miss Rogers received a box by express. She found in it two thick braids of bright auburn hair and a bunch of gay hollyhocks. At the bottom of the box there was a letter, which read as follows:

My deer Teecher: i am orful sorry about your hed bein' awl shaved off the way Jamie Smith ses it iz. she sez you Will hafter ware a wigg, and she sez your Hare is hard to mach, so I send you mine to mak one of. i don't mind it bein' cut off bein' such hot

wether. i am orfull sorry you was so sik and i hope you are gettin' well and don't feal bad about my Hare. i don't mind it at all. if yours don't never gro agen you can keep mind allways and it will mak a nice mach. Be shure and cum back to skool agen and I will keep on studyin' becuz i luz you. Now good by.

Margaret.

p. s. Bein' you was sick I wanted to send sum flowers but this is all thay was.

A Little Footpath.

(By Katherine Smalley, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Little pathway, winding here and there
'Mong the stones and scrubby bushes bare,
Skirts yonder cliff's bold, rocky, base,
Crossing lowlands with a careless grace;
Leading where? In idling so about,
Whose the feet that wore this pathway out?
Little aimless wayward foothpath, wild,
Wandering like a heedless truant child!

Only patient, mild-eyed cows, each day
Cropping, browsing idly on their way
To the distant pastures, rich and sweet,
Where the water courses, flowing, greet
Listening ears and eager nostrils swell,
Answering with a song, the low and bell,
As the cows, along the well-worn way,
One by one, go down to drink and stay.

In pastures green, by waters still,
Day's long hours to graze and rest, until
Evening shadows falling bid them come
By the long, tortuous footpath home.

Little pathway, teach me, patient too,
That, though toilsome, life's path will, as you,
If with patience followed, surely bring,
To rich pastures, where cool waters spring.

Little winding, climbing pathway, sweet—
Little deep-worn, rugged footpath, meet,
'Tis that thou shouldst be a guide to me:
True, unerring path, long life to thee!

Angels Unawares.

(By Minnie Stanwood, in the 'American Messenger.')

'Oh, mamma, I see old Dame Dismal coming down the Turners' steps. I'll bet—I mean I'm positive she's coming here!' Rachel made the announcement in high, indignant tones from the window at the head of the stairs. 'She's looking round in an undecided way. Now she's staring straight over here. Now she's starting. No, she's going the other way. If I'm not thankful!'

'"Look forth once more, Ximena!"' laughingly quoted Paul, as he walked out of his father's study and shut the door softly. 'You're a regular Angel of Buena Vista to the Sunday sermon, standing there screeching such joyful tidings. Why don't you proclaim that the Aid Society is advancing with buckets and brooms to renovate the study, as a surprise, the way they did a year ago, and then why don't you slip downstairs and mount your wheel and "silently steal away," as you did on that occasion? You recall the incident, I suppose?'

Rachel laughed, but a flush crept up to her fair hair. Would Paul never stop teasing her about that day? There was a decidedly hot retort on the end of her tongue, but it was kept there by a sudden, sharp tweak at the doorbell. A sigh wafted up from the hall below, then the door opened.

'Oh, Sister Crafts!' The broken voice ran on into queer little whines and quavers. 'I've hed the worst luck. Sister Turner told me a Sunday night I could come and spend Wednesday with her, an' here she's gone off. Sister Smith can't abide to hev me settin' round her kitchen ironin' day, so I thought I'd better come here, an' then I could be right to the mission'ry meetin'. It's a tea-meetin', ain't it?'

The listeners at the head of the stairs heard a laugh and a cheerful, 'Yes, it's a tea-meeting, Sister Drown. There's some left-over ironing here to-day, but never mind, you can go right into the sitting-room and be comfortable.'

'You ironin'! Why, I should think with your small fam'ly an' that big, seventeen-year-old girl of yourn you'd git through by Tuesday noon sure, or mebbe Monday night.'

'For impertinent, prying gossipers commend me to a parsonage!' ejaculated Rachel angrily, under her breath.

Paul looked his sister in the face and shook his head. 'I don't understand you, Ray, but I'll give you credit for meaning all right. It seems to me, though, that if you would meet things the way mother does it would be more consistent.'

'Oh, "consistent!"' exclaimed Rachel. 'Ever since I joined the church you've been slinging "consistent" at me. But I tell you, it wouldn't be consistent for me to laugh off half the hateful things, and pretend not to see the other half, the way mamma does. It isn't my temperament.'

'Take care,' returned Paul. 'You know somebody says, "Temperament is the habit of the soul."'

'I don't care if it is,' retorted Rachel. 'To have old Dame Dismal here all day long, talking incessantly, is more than I can stand, and I won't pretend it isn't. If I were old and poor, I'd just take my little bundle and step over to the poor-farm, and not go sponging meals from one house to another.'

'Well,' Paul laughed as he started downstairs, 'don't preach to me any more. So far as Christianity goes, there isn't much to choose between us that I can see. You seem to think only of pleasing yourself, just as if you were not a Christian.'

'If that isn't just like Paul,' sputtered Rachel, rushing off to finish making beds. 'He's so self-satisfied!' The clothes came clear off mother's bed for once. 'He thinks he's as good as any of us!' A pillow had a surprisingly energetic stirring up. 'He ought to remember the verse about "when a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing," or whatever it is. And he knows that papa simply can't bear to think of his going off to college without making a start, and still he won't give in. Yet he talks to me!'

Rachel fell to shaking her head over Paul, and perhaps that was why she did not see that the mid-week dust lay cosily in corners, and clung lovingly to chair rungs, mantels, and other convenient places. And it was missionary tea day, and the ladies were to go upstairs to leave their hats! It was too bad to expect mother to chase dust, when there was cake to bake, ironing to finish, dinner to get, and 'Dame Dismal' to entertain. But the beds made Rachel somehow get to thinking of Ruth Congreve, and a shaded piazza with soft cushions and unlimited chocolate creams, and all the things she wanted to tell Ruth, and oh, yes, the duet to practice for the church anniversary next month. Hadn't Ruth said they must rehearse as often as possible? So Rachel persuaded herself that she was not needed at home that Wednesday morning. Such being the case, it was strange that she went downstairs more softly than usual. Strange that she slipped past the sitting-room door like a shadow, and was careful not to glance into the dining-room, and that she hugged herself to find the door closed that led from the kitchen to the back hall. There was beating going on in the kitchen—that meant tea-meeting cake. There were voices in the sitting-room—that meant that 'Dame Dismal' was being entertained. Well, Paul ought to have some of the disagreeable things to do, to pay him for being so uncharitable. And, anyhow, 'Dame Dismal' liked Paul best. She was never tired praising his pleasant manners, and telling how 'folksy' he was. And all because he listened politely to her tiresome old yarns! Rachel took her wheel quietly from the woodshed, trundled it along the grass, lifted it over the graveled sidewalk, mounted it in the middle of the street and was off.

'"And what is so rare as a day in June,"' she began repeating, with careful emphasis. '"Then, if ever, come perfect days."' But really, it must be admitted, she was not thinking of Sir Launfal's Vision—she was simply trying to get something else out of her mind. 'Silently steal away'—'Silently steal away'—were the words Paul had quoted, and they buzzed away in her brain as she sped along. Well, at times her flights were a bit Arab-like, but wasn't June made to be out in, especially after a girl had been in school all winter? Yet, reason as she would, there was that little bad spot in her conscience. She tried to solve it by resolving to wash the dinner dishes, play the hymns for the meeting, and help pass coffee and cake. And after to-day she would try not to shirk quite so much, she told herself, and she would be more agreeable to wearisome callers, if only to let Paul see that she was really the Christian she professed to be. She was in front of the poor-farm when she made her good resolve, and as she looked through the tall wooden fence, she was amazed to see a sudden commotion on the women's side. Several old ladies had taken up the drollest canter, and were beckoning and waving frantically as they tried to run. When they reached the gate, they stuck their hands through the wide bars, motioning to Rachel. Wonderingly she slowed up, rode to the gate, and dismounted.

'Were you beckoning to me?' she asked timidly, for the wizened faces pressed against the gate frightened her a little.

'Yes, we was,' declared a shrill voice. 'Ain't you the passon's girl?'

'I—I'm Rachel Crafts.'

'That's it,' nodded the spokeswoman eagerly. 'That's what she called you. She p'inted you out once when you was ridin' by with another girl. She said it was the rich Congreve girl. She told how you two sing jest beautiful together, an' she up an' sung "Homeland" for us, the way you two sing it to church. We wanted you should come here an' sing it to us, but she said you'd never 'cause you was so stuck-up. But we didn't believe a passon's girl would be that stuck-up, did we, Mis' Marston?'

'No, we didn't,' another old creature corroborated, with a solemn wag of her head. 'We did not.'

'But I don't understand,' exclaimed Rachel, flushing under the imputation, and the earnest scrutiny. 'Who told you all this!'

'Why, M'randy Drown,' spoke up the one called Mrs. Marston. 'She's to your house this blessed minute, for she told us she was goin', if Mis' Turner served her a trick. They's to be a mission'ry meeting', an' she'll be to it.'

There was a world of wistfulness in the quavering voice, and Rachel was conscious of a strong wish that every one of the poor souls might be 'to it,' also.

'But she'll be up to-morrer an' tell us ev'ry last thing they said to the meetin', an' sing ev'ry song. We can sing the old ones with her, an' that's why we like mission'ry meetin's best—they mostly sing old pieces to 'em.' It was a woman in the back who said this. She was tall and straight, and tossed her head defiantly while she talked.

'That's Susan Wiggins. She sung in choir

ONLY FUN.

That is what many of our boys feel as they set about selling 'Canadian Pictorials.' Some of the favorite expressions are: 'Sell like hot cakes,' 'A fine selling paper,' 'No trouble at all to sell them,' 'Everybody wanted one,' etc., etc.

The following letter from an Ontario boy gives his view of things. He knows what he is talking of, too, for he earned camera and films easily last fall by selling 'Pictorials,' and the January number is away ahead of October and November. The worn out watch, by the way, is not one of those we offer. But hear what he says himself:

P——, Ont.,
Jan. 9th, 1903.

Dear Sir,—I have forgotten to write until now. I want twenty-five 'Pictorials' for a watch, as my old one is no good and I would rather work for it than any other way. I do not mean that it is work to sell them. It is only fun.

Yours truly,
HERBERT CLARK.

If you want some fun and some lasting profit at the end of the fun, just send for a package of 'Pictorials' to sell at ten cents a copy. A nice range of premiums to choose from.

Do not forget the eleven prizes offered for total sales of January, February and March!

They are extras over and above all other premiums, etc. Even if you start late you may win a prize by a little extra push. Write us for particulars.

Address, John Dougall & Son, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

forty year,' meekly explained the woman who had spoken first. 'You'd just ought to hear Susan sing "Happy Day," an' "Geth'rin' Home." Why, you'd most forgit you warn't there a'ready.'

'And—and what did you want me to do?' faltered Rachel.

'We want you an' that Rich Congreve girl should come up here some Sunday afternoon an' sing to us,' spoke up Susan haughtily. A woman who had sung in choir forty years needn't be abashed before a chit of a girl, as the other women were.

'Why,' exclaimed Rachel heartily, 'we will come, and be glad to. Indeed, we will. We'll come next Sunday.'

'Hear that now!' Susan's head seemed to rise several inches before Rachel's astonished eyes, and her tone said most plainly, 'See what I've done for you.'

'M'randy is good. She's real kind.' A feeble little woman who had spoken first, and made her remark in a faint, spent tone. 'She says she may have to come there herself before long, but we don't want she should, if she can stan' it not to, 'cause she's church for us, tellin' over the sermont, ev'ry word. She don't miss a word, does she, Hetty, prayers an' all?'

So the spokeswoman was Hetty, and Hetty made haste to emphasize 'No, she don't. She tried to git the passon to come here Sunday aft'noons, but he has to go away over to Fairfield to preach, an' then he has to be to his own meetin' Sunday ev'nin's. We'd like to have a man talk Scriptur to us, but M'randy does fust rate, fust rate. An' you'll come, will you? You an' that rich Congreve girl? She won't be too stuck-up to come, think?'

'Oh, no,' returned Rachel eagerly. 'Ruth isn't like that; she's lovely. And if I could get a young man to come and talk to you a little next Sunday afternoon, would you like it? You wouldn't mind his being a very young man, would you?'

A gurgle of delight went up from behind the gate, and clamorous assurances that nobody would object to his youth, while Susan's voice rose in shrill triumph, 'There, didn't I tell you a parson's girl wouldn't be stuck-up?'

When Rachel rode off amid gleeful reminders of her promise, she turned toward home. She wanted to see Mrs. Drown and have a talk with her. She did not call her 'old Dame Dismal' now, and she even began to think of her as a sort of heroine. Yes, poor and ignorant though she was considered, she had found her work and was doing it faithfully and without ostentation.

It was a thoroughly humbled girl who walked into the sitting-room and held out a hand to the shabby visitor, saying earnestly, 'I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Drown.'

Rachel saw the faded eyes brighten with surprised pleasure, and she thought she heard a whistle from Paul, quickly suppressed. Then she told about her ride, and smiled to see the red rise in Mrs. Drown's wrinkled cheeks.

'Why, it warn't nothin',' protested Mrs. Drown. 'I just love to do it for 'em. Seem's if the good Lord had let me git along somehow, just so I could take comfort to them poor creatures. I didn't feel to be spongin' when I was doin' the Lord's work, an' I knew if folks understood, they wouldn't begrutch me my meals. But there I couldn't tell 'em. I've been prayin' that the Lord would open the eyes of our young people to see that they had starvin' heathen at their own doors—starvin' for the Bread of Life almost. Some of the church folks set in sev'ral times to go up to the poor-farm an' hold meetin's reg'lar, but somehow they petered out ev'ry time. An' then I just buckled down an' decided that it was my work, seein' it was laid on my heart so strong, until the Lord raised somebody else up.'

'And what do you suppose they said?' went on Rachel. 'They said they wished they could have a man to read the Bible and speak to them, and I promised them one. I said he would be a very young man, but they said they wouldn't mind that. You won't be provoked because I promised for you, Paul, will you?'

'For me?' repeated her brother, looking alarmed. 'Promised for me! Why, Ray Crafts, you know——'

'I know you can do it, dear,' declared Rachel, earnestly, 'and I know you wouldn't disappoint the poor, old folks, for anything.'

Paul looked at his sister attentively. Was this the girl who had stood at the head of the stairs only that very morning, uttering such unkind words? Surely something had come over her. He had never seen her care so much about anything before, except her own pleasure. 'Well,' he said at last, 'if you promised, I suppose I won't go back on you. I can go and read the Bible, but Mrs. Drown will have to do the praying.'

Mrs. Drown did not look dismal then. She was nodding radiantly, 'I'll be there, all right, but it won't be long before you'll be able to do the prayin' yourself, my boy.'

The news of the proposed service at the 'Farm' spread over the town in some unaccountable way, and Paul and Rachel were almost embarrassed by the small army that flocked to them with enthusiastic offers of assistance. So it turned out, that instead of a forlorn hope, led by the redoubtable Mrs. Drown and three timid helpers, the Endeavorers turned out twenty-eight strong, and gave the old people an afternoon they never forgot.

After that the Endeavorers saw to it faithfully that each Sabbath afternoon some sort of religious service was held in the 'Farm' parlor. And before the summer days were over, before Paul started away for college, the little family at the parsonage saw the desire of their hearts. The beloved son and brother stood at the altar, that beautiful first Sabbath in September, and pledged himself to the service of God. And Rachel did not dream of resenting it, when 'old Dame Dismal' was the first to press forward and take him by the hand.

Which are You?

When an oak or any useful and noble tree is uprooted, its removal creates a blank. For years after, when you look to the place which once knew him, you see that something is missing. The branches of adjacent trees have not yet supplied the void. They still hesitate to occupy the space formerly filled by their powerful neighbor; and there is still a deep chasm in the ground, a rugged pit which shows how far the giant roots once spread. But when a leafless pole of the turf falls, no marring of the landscape, no vacuity created, no regret.

It leaves no memento, and is never missed. Now, brethren, which are you? Are you cedars, planted in the house of the Lord, casting a cool and grateful shade, yielding bounteous fruit, and making all who know you, bless you? Are you so useful that were you once away it would not be easy to fill your place again? 'It was here that that brave cedar grew; it was here that that old palm tree diffused his familiar shadow and showered his mellow clusters.'

Or, are you a peg, a pin, a rootless, branchless, fruitless thing, that may be pulled up any day, and no one ever care to ask what has become of it? What are you doing? What are you contributing to the world's happiness, or the Church's glory? What is your business?—Selected.

Imitation of the Highest.

(By Rev. James Learmount, in the 'Examiner.')

'Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children.'—Ephesians v., 1.

Children learn by imitation. A child learns to walk and to talk by imitating. That is one of the most wonderful powers a child has. And I think that in all its copying and imitating, a child keeps the tightest eye upon its father and follows him more than any other. But all children are imitators.

The Japanese have this saying: 'It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general.' And that is just another way of saying that most men are imitators and not originators.

The whole world is built after the same pattern. Mimicry in Nature is very common indeed. Take one example. It shall be that remarkable insect which has come to be known as the 'walking-stick.' Their general form when at rest has given them this name. They belong to the family called Phasmidae, or Spectres. To look at them at rest they are just like a straight stick overgrown with twigs, moss, or fungus; their color green or brown, some of them resemble fresh plant growth, and others appearing just like decaying vegetation. It is found in tropical forests, and even natives have mistaken it for a stick covered by creeping moss. But Nature is full of such mimicry.

There is a great work to be done by every child on the line of imitation. Much of your work in life will be learning by imitation. And used rightly and up to a certain point it is a good thing. But you must aim also at being yourself, and not a copy of someone else.

Then there is another aspect of imitation. There is imitation in living. Most children are very ready to copy evil things as well as good.

Margaret Gatty tells a story about a schoolboy who had a high reputation as a mimic. It seemed as though he could be just like anyone he pleased to imitate. But a thoughtful friend asked him to show how the handsomest boy in the school looked, and how the best speaker declaimed. Then it was that the young mimic found his limit, he was quite incompetent for that task. And so he found that all his power of imitation lay in the direction of lowering his own standard, and of mimicking defects which had not yet become his own.

You may depend upon it there is a great deal of truth in Mrs. Gatty's story. How easily, and seemingly gladly, a boy copies a man who smokes. Many boys smoke, and unless something is done soon to prevent them, we will have a race of miserable little men, with weak hearts. Then how readily some boys learn to imitate the foul-mouthed man in the use of bad language. Some boys fancy they are quite men when they can bring out a good round oath. Then the girls, how readily they copy the fashions of others whom they think to be better off than themselves. How quickly they learn to ape the proud and vain, and they copy many other things which I will not mention. It is so easy to copy downwards.

And I think that is why we are commanded in the important part of our lives, the moral part, that part of us which chooses between good and evil, to imitate God, remembering that we are God's children, and thus ought to be like our Father.

I know that you cannot understand what God is like, and God knew that too; and so to make the example you had to copy plain, God sent His Son Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is just like God, and reveals to us what God is like. And so we may read our text, 'Be ye imitators of Jesus, as beloved children.'

Would you care to do anything wicked or unkind in the presence of your father, especially if he was a loving father? I think not. And God sent His Son, and He did more for us than any earthly father ever could do for any child. He loved us even unto death. He rose from the dead for us. He lives in heaven now to intercede for us. He is preparing a place for His children. His whole life on earth was full of tenderness and helpfulness, and it is this Saviour we are to love by imitating Him and obeying Him. When we obey His voice after prayer; when we keep His Word; then we are imitating Him, and we are also doing more, we are reproducing Him in the world.

So that imitating God just means that in the very first thing that offers itself to you, you are so to act about it as to please your Saviour, and not to please yourself. 'Whatever He saith unto you, do it.' Do it because it is right, because it is safe. It never leads to anything which will cause you one moment's anxiety or regret.

When King Henry of Navarre fought the battle of Ivry, he bade his soldiers watch the white plume on his helmet, and follow wherever it led. That is what we are to do. We only overcome, we only are victors, as we listen and obey Jesus, and follow His pure white life. All other life means waste, loss, defeat.

A missionary in Central Africa says that he was passing along one of the narrow passages in Ngambo when he heard a despairing cry of 'Bibi,' and he turned into the house, and groped his way to a bed in the darkest corner of the room, where a woman was groaning and calling out, 'Allah! Allah!' at intervals, when the pain became very bad, or when she wanted someone to come and sympa-

thize with her. Bit by bit her whole story came out. She and her mother had been captured by a slave dealer, and her mother had been shot down because she tried to escape. The child was sold as a slave in Zanzibar, and had passed from one master to another, and finally obtained her freedom, and married. She had lain in her dark corner for three years. At first Crumply Legs was too full of her own woes to want to listen to much teaching, and even when the will was there her brain was so dull and clouded that she forgot speedily anything she took in. The present of a doll broke many barriers, and gradually she became more eager to be taught. One day she told the missionary of a dream she had had, and begged him to tell her what its meaning could be. In her dream she was going along a narrow and dangerous path, with a steep precipice on one side and a dense forest full of lurking dangers on the other. Far in front she could see a Child leading the way, with a few people struggling after Him, and she strove to reach Him too, but then she awoke. Truly a wonderful dream for a Mahommedan woman to have.

We know all about that Child; we know who He was, how He grew into manhood, and became the world's Saviour and Leader. Will you follow Him? Our text says that they who follow, they who imitate, must do it as beloved children. Unless you give Him your affection, your love; His life is so great that you will fail to copy, to follow Him. Therefore 'be ye imitators of God as beloved children.'

Gambling.

'Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of the rings,' said a man to a boy; 'and if the ring catches over a nail I'll give you six cents.'

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed the man a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to the stake and tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails that were fastened in a board.

'Will you take six rings and pitch again or six cents?' asked the man.

'Six cents,' was the answer; and the money was put into his hand.

The boy stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having any idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman who was standing near had watched him, and now, before the boy had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

'My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling,' said the gentleman.

'Gambling, sir?' said the boy, questioningly.

'You staked your penny and won six pennies, did you not,' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, I did,' replied the boy.

'You did not earn them,' said the gentleman, 'and they were not given to you. You won them, just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give he six cents back and ask the man for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again.'

The boy had hung his head, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, 'I'll do it!' will never be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. That was an honest boy.—Selected.

The Chipmunk's Inheritance.

(By J. M. Thompson, in the 'Junior Eagle,' Brooklyn.)

A little gray Fieldmouse, with a white fur vest and feet, a pink nose, large, bat-like ears and just the brightest black eyes, sat outside the door of her little nest one bright morning, weeping bitterly.

A swift rush of small feet and a reassuring 'tweak, tweak, chur-r-' set her fears at rest, and she was greatly relieved when she spied a small, red-coated squirrel emerge hurriedly from the tall, waving ferns.

Now, Mrs. Whitefoot and all the members of the squirrel family are about tenth cousins, and it was always to the Chipmunk that Mrs. Whitefoot told all her family troubles.

As soon as Peter Chipmunk clapped his eyes upon little Mrs. Whitefoot he saw she was in great trouble, for her sides had become quite thin from fasting, and the big tears had coursed down her furry cheeks so much that they had left little furrows, which gave her face an anxious, sorrowful expression.

'Pray, pray, do not weep so, dear cousin,'

said Peter, tenderly. 'Why this great grief?'

'The Weasel has stolen all my children but one,' she wailed.

A little Owl who had all the time been sitting over their heads in a Pine tree, and overheard all their troubles, suddenly became so interested that he flew down from his perch and joined the little group.

'Listen, all of you; I have a plan,' said the Owl, importantly.

'I think we can get the best of this sly old robber, Mr. Weasel. I know where he lives now, although he frequently changes his home. He has a burrow under that great flat rock just beyond the Sycamore tree. Now, if there is one among you brave enough to enter the den of the Weasel, and catch him while he sleeps, he can easily be destroyed.'

'Yes, but we should never be able to catch him off his guard, for they say he never sleeps,' squeaked the yellow spotted Turtle, 'and I should be seized and crushed in a jiffy by those terrible sharp teeth. That lets me out of it altogether.'

'Oh, dear me, I could never, never enter the Weasel's den,' piped the Fieldmouse with chattering teeth.

'I'll enter the Weasel's den and kill him myself,' Peter announced gravely.

'Bravo! Bravo!' they all cheered upon hearing this.

The Owl and Peter Chipmunk remained in the hollow sycamore until night, and Peter was beginning to get very homesick and weary, when suddenly the Owl poked him in the side with his claw.

'Listen. Hear that?' said the Owl. Then quite distinctly they heard the sound of heavy breathing, proceeding from the Weasel's den.

Just as Peter was about to spring upon the enemy, to his horror and dismay the Weasel woke up, and Peter saw two blood-red, hateful eyes, peering at him in the darkness. Peter did not lose his courage, but then remembering what the Owl had told him, before the Weasel could move, he sprang upon him and buried his sharp teeth in the light spot under his chin. With a squeak of pain and rage, the Weasel turned upon him, and Peter turned and ran on as fast as he was able, through the long passage toward the entrance of the den. To his dismay he heard the Weasel close behind him. But Peter smelled the cool, fresh air, and knew he must be close to the door. The Weasel was gradually gaining on him, for he could now feel the heat of his angry breath close to his own body. Peter sprang toward the entrance, but too late, for the Weasel's cruel claws closed about both his sides and held him in tight grip. Then Peter gave a great wrench; anything to get out of that terrible clutch. And very fortunately he freed himself, but not until the long claws of the cruel Weasel had been drawn the entire length of his sides.

As Peter freed himself, and leaped out of the door of the den, he turned to look over his shoulder, and discovered that the Weasel was no longer pursuing him. Just at that instant, with an agonizing yell, the Weasel suddenly rose upon his hind legs, threw his forepaws in the air, and fell back quite dead.

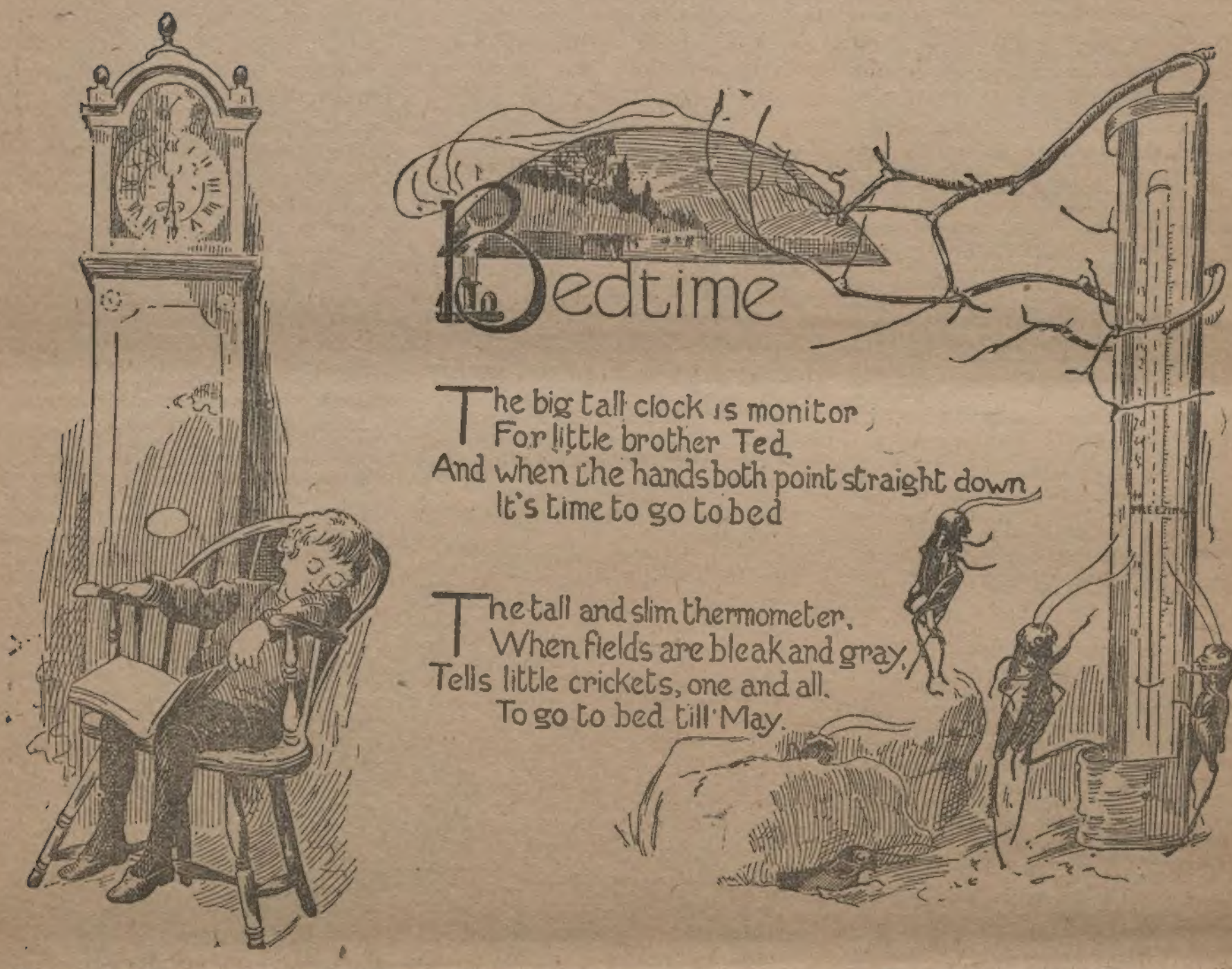
A. K. Daugherty

Peter's sharp teeth had put an end to him.

And so it came about through the influence of the Owl, who is in close communication with all the gnomes and good fairies of the wood, that Peter Chipmunk, as soon as the deep scratches upon his sides, made by the cruel claws of the Weasel, had healed, a wonderful thing happened, for in their place there appeared a beautiful set of three black and white stripes, upon both sides of his red coat. This was his reward; the emblem conferred by the fairies for his bravery. This all happened a very long time ago, but strangely enough, these three wonderful stripes or decorations have been handed down from one generation to the next in the Chipmunk family, and you never see one of the little redcoated creatures without them.

Your Teacher.

Please show the Northern Messenger to your teacher. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.


Bedtime
The big tall clock is monitor
For little brother Ted,
And when the hands both point straight down
It's time to go to bed
The tall and slim thermometer,
When fields are bleak and gray,
Tells little crickets, one and all,
To go to bed till May.

Mary Loving and the Other Marys.

The little Four Marys, who always live in the same body and seldom agree, were not pleased the other night. Their mother was going to prayer-meeting, and as she went out she said: 'I want you to go to bed at half-past seven to-night, Mary; you were up late last evening.'

'Now, that's too bad,' said Mary Willful; 'I'm not tired.' 'Nor I,' cried Mary Lazy and Mary Selfish. They all expected Mary Loving would want to do as her mother said; but at first she was quite. She had meant to crochet a little, after the lessons were done.

Soon some small words were whispered in her ear—'He pleased not himself, and you said you wanted to be like Him.'

'Let us go to bed; its half-past seven now. We ought to mind Mamma,' she said.

'No, I just won't,' said Mary Willful.

'Mamma only wants to get us out of the way before she comes home,' said Mary Selfish.

'She thinks I'm sleepy, and I ain't!' said Mary Lazy; but as she spoke her eyes dropped.

Now, it was hard for Mary Loving to insist on doing what she hated to do, but the little voice whispered, 'Shall I take up my cross daily?' 'I haven't had many crosses to-day,' she thought. And then she spoke with all her heart: 'Let's mind Mamma; she's always right, and we ought to mind her anyway. I do begin to feel tired.'

'Well, so do I, a little,' said Mary Lazy.

Mary Willful and Mary Selfish did not mean to give up; but something was drawing veils over their eyes and their thoughts too; so they let Mary Loving lead them to bed. When all the rest were asleep, Mary Loving said: 'Dear Christ, forgive this naughty girl who wanted to please herself, and help her — her.' She was too sleepy for the rest, but He knew.—'S.S. Messenger.'

The Dying Boy and the Lost Sheep.

Many years ago I was engaged in work for the Lord in a remote district in Ireland, a wild, mountainous region, and was asked to visit a boy who was dying. Entering a little hovel I saw him lying on a heap of straw.

'My poor boy, you are very ill; I fear you suffer a great deal.'

He replied with difficulty:

'Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough takes away my breath, and hurts me a great deal.'

'Have you had this cold long?' I asked.

'Oh, yes a long time; near a year now.'

'And how did you catch it?

'Ah,' he answered, 'it was that terrible night—about this time last year—when one of the sheep went astray. My father keeps a few sheep upon the mountain, and that's the way we live. When he counted them that night there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it.'

'No doubt,' I replied, 'you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close hut to the cold mountain blast.'

'Oh, that I did! There was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through and through; but I didn't mind it much; I was so anxious to find father's sheep.'

'And did you find it?' I asked with increasing interest.

'Oh, yes; I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped till I found it; and I just laid it on my shoulder and carried it home that way.'

'And were not all at home re-

joiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?'

'Sure enough and they were! Father and mother and the people around that had heard of our loss all came in next morning to ask us about the sheep; for you know that the neighbors in these matters are very kind to each other. Sorry they were, too, to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was that I caught the cold.'

Wonderful! I thought. Here is the whole gospel story: the sheep is lost; the father sends his son to seek for and recover it; the son goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end sacrifies his life to find the sheep. Jesus said, 'I lay down my life for the sheep.'—Selected.

'In a Minute.'

Ethel was out on the long plank wharf when the dinner bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

'I'll go in a minute,' she said to herself, as she broke another cracker into tiny pieces.

But the baby ducks were hungry; and it was such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big, brass dinner bell, just as she had done ever so many times before. She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her. The old mother duck spied him as he came bounding over the planks.

'Quack!' she called loudly. And what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings scrambled and scrambled, and into the water they went with a splash.

'Quack!' said the mother duck again; and all the little duckies swam hurriedly after her, and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

'Why,' excaimed Ethel, in astonishment, 'they didn't wait to gobble another piece; they minded their mother the very first minute she called them!'

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then she gave her basket to Bruno and ran quickly up the wharf, across the street, and into the house.

'Late, as usual,' said Brother Hall, as Ethel came in; it's twenty minutes instead of one that you have waited this noon.'

'But it's the last time I'll be late!' said Ethel, decidedly; 'cause —'cause it is!'

And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson well, and nobody but the big white mother duck knew who taught it to her. And I'm sure that she will always keep her secret. Because why? Because she can't tell it; that's all.—Selected.

Toby, Bunny and Pussy.

Toby and Bunny and Pussy
  Went for a little walk;
And as they were together,
  They had a little talk;
And Toby said to the others:
  'I wonder what we should do
If a big dog come to bite us?
  I should run off. Should you?'

Said Bunny: 'Run? Why should we?
  There's three of us, you know,
And if a big dog threaten'd
  Right at him we should go!'
'Quite right,' said Pussy, boldly,
  Without a moment's pause,
'And while you two would bite him,
  I'd scratch him with my claws!'

But half an hour later,
  When they were at their play,
A big dog did run at them,
  And then—what shall I say?

The Pussy's courage vanished—
  She soon climbed up a tree;
The frightened Bunny found a hole
  As quickly as could be.
But plucky little Toby
  Who did not boast that way,
Barked at the great big doggie
  Until he went away!
—Australian 'Christian World.'

The Cloudy Morning.

Edna was cross. She scolded Baby Roy when he reached out for her picture book. What was the matter with Edna? Everybody wondered.

'I wish I knew where our little girl is this morning,' said mamma. 'I miss her sadly.'

'Why, I'm here,' said Edna.

'My little girl has sunshine in her face,' said mamma, 'and your face is so cross and scowly. Oh, I would not like to change my little girl for you.'

'Everybody is cross to me,' said Edna, 'and nobody loves me.' And she began to cry.

'You may go into the room, Edna, and see if you can think it out,' said mamma.

Edna went into the room and sat for a long time on the floor, with her face in her two small hands. Then she jumped up and ran to her mother. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I broke off the lily on the porch when I was playing with Skip, and I let you think the wind did it. I'm sorry as I can be.'

'I am very glad my little Edna is ready to own her fault,' said mamma, kissing her fondly. 'I forgive you freely.'

Then the sushine came back to Edna's face, and she was happy again.—Selected.

They Were Partners.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

'You are a busy little girl to-day.'

'Yes, 'm.'

The round face under the broad hat turned toward us. It was freckled and perspiring, but cheery withal.

'Yes,'m; it takes a heap of water to do a washing.'

'And do you bring it all from the brook down there?'

'O' we have it in the cistern, mostly; only, it's been such a dry time lately.'

'And is there nobody else to carry the water?'

'Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'.'

'Well, you are a good girl to help her.'

It was a well-considered compliment, but the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her grey eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered—'Why, of course I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n I are partners.'

Little girl, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?—Selected.

Contrary Playmates.

(By Annie W. McCullough, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

We asked the waves to play with
  us one pleasant August day.
They ran to meet us on the sand,
  and then they sped away.
We could not catch them, though
  we tried all down the shining
  beach,
For every time we followed them
  they kept well out of reach.

At last we very tired grew, and
  settled down to rest;
Each hollowed in the clean white
  sand a cozy little nest.
But while we waited there for
  them, what did those wavelets
  do?
They joked by overtaking us and
  wetting us all through.

HOUSEHOLD.

'A Time Thief.'

The thief unlatched the gate, fastened it carefully again, then leisurely walked up the flagged path, pausing to pick a spray of syringa from one of the bushes. She stepped heavily upon the porch and, contrary to the custom of her kind, rapped vigorously upon the door. Her appearance was widely different from that of the conventional housebreaker. A mild-faced old lady, blue eyed and pink cheeked, on either side of whose wrinkled face dangled a gray 'cannon curl.' She held in one hand a well-worn, black reticule, while the other grasped a cotton umbrella.

She had raised her black mitted hand to knock the second time, when the minister's wife, with a baby in her arms, opened the door. Her face clouded as she saw the visitor, but only for a moment, and her expression changed to one of cheerful hospitality.

'Why, good morning, Mrs. Blodgett!' she exclaimed. 'How do you do?'

'Fair to middlin',' replied the thief, as she wiped her feet. 'Is Mr. Keene in?'

The wife hesitated. 'Why, he's in,' she replied, leading the way to the parlor, but he's busy just now writing his sermon. Sit down and talk with me awhile.

The gray curls shook with determination.

'I'd like first rate to visit with you, my dear, but this is something I want to tell your husband about. I won't keep him but a minute, for I'm in a hurry myself. You go on with your work. I'll tap on the study door myself.' Suiting the action to the word, she crossed the room, and tapped on the study door.'

'Come in!' called the minister's voice, and the same shadow which had crossed his wife's face clouded his as he rose to bid his guest good morning.

'I ain't goin' to keep you but a minute,' began the intruder, as she seated herself in a chair, and settled back with a contented sigh, 'but I really did want to talk to you about something.'

The minister resumed his seat and pushed aside with an air of resignation his sheets of manuscript.

'I can only give you a few minutes, Mrs. Blodgett,' he said by way of suggestion, 'for I am right in the midst of my sermon.'

'Oh, I won't keep you but a minute,' replied the other, in no way disconcerted, 'but I did want your advice about Roxy.' Then followed the oft-repeated story of the careless daughter-in-law. 'She ain't no hand at cookin', and the house is a sight. I try to tell her about things, but she up an' gets mad. The children get their death of cold running outdoors in all sorts of weather. It does seem,' concluded the narrator, 'as if I couldn't stand it a day longer.'

'Well, began her pastor, in reply, 'if I were you I'd be just as patient and forbearing as possible. Roxy is a good-hearted girl, and she means well. If —'

'But,' continued the visitor, her pause evidently having been for breath, rather than advice, 'it ain't as if I were real well and strong. I've been miserable all year, and at my age I can't stand bein' worried an' fretted. It seems as if since Silas died as if I'd had more 'n my share of trouble. Now, there's that mortgage,' and she plunged with renewed energy into a fresh recital.

The minute hand of the clock slipped gradually around past the hour and started on a new one, while the flow of talk ripped on. At length the visitor glanced at the timepiece and brought her monologue to an end. Gathering up her reticule, she reluctantly rose to her feet.

'Well, I must be goin',' she said, 'I hope I haven't bothered you, if I have stayed a little longer than I meant to,' and the minister, unwilling to perjure himself, gravely bowed her out.

'Why is it,' he said aloud, as he sat down to his interrupted work, 'that a minister must wear his time on his sleeve for every one to peck at?'

He took up his pen, but the inspiration was gone, and he wrote several sentences, only to cross them out.

Finally his wife opened the study door.

'Dinner, dear,' she called, and then, as she saw he was not writing, stepped in.

'Well, dear,' she said, sympathetically, 'it was too bad. I tried to keep her out, but she was too much for me.'

'I'm sorry, too,' replied her husband, 'for this will mean no drive for us this afternoon. I'll have to finish this instead.' He pushed away his sheets of manuscript.

'Mary!' he exclaimed, 'who steals my purse, steals trash,' but, he added with conviction, paraphrasing Shakespeare, 'She that filches from me my time
Robs me of that which not enriches her
And makes me poor, indeed.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Cheering Word.

Little Charley was the dull boy of his school. All the rest either laughed at him or pitied him. Even his master sometimes made fun of him, relates the Scottish Reformer.

He became sullen and indifferent, and took no pains to get on. One day, a gentleman who was visiting the school looked over some boys who were making their first attempt to write. There was a general burst of amusement at poor Charley's efforts. He colored, but was silent.

'Never mind, my lad,' said the gentleman, cheeringly; don't be discouraged. Just do your very best and you'll be a brave writer some day. I recollect when I began to write being quite as awkward as you are; but I kept on; now look here.'

He took his pen and wrote his name on a piece of paper in good, plain writing. Many years afterward that gentleman met Charley again. He had turned out to be one of the most celebrated men of his day, and he told him that he owed his success in life, under God's blessing, to his encouraging words.—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

'Thy Kingdom Come.'

There are people, even those who fancy themselves not interested in foreign missions, who always pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' with reference to others instead of themselves. It is much easier to wish that the kingdom of righteousness might take possession of our neighbor's crooked business methods; rule out the uncharitableness of our brother's speech; bring harmony to the discordant household down the street; and thaw out the much-talked-of 'coldness of the church,' than it is to honestly desire that it may come into our own hearts and lives and transform them. Suppose, whenever we utter that petition, a voice from Heaven should say, 'Where do you want it?'—'Christian Age.'

Baby's Play-box.

When cold weather set in our baby boy was just beginning to move everywhere about the floors, and the question in our country home, warmed entirely by stoves, was how to keep him comfortable through the winter. After we had talked the matter over his father secured a store box, 33 inches wide, 43 inches long and 12 inches deep; at each of the four corners a stout strip was nailed to four legs, by which the box was raised 6 inches from the floor. A soft old quilt was fitted on the bottom and around the sides of the box, and then the little man was introduced to his new quarters.

Here he enjoys his playthings and his cat, and there is room also for his three sisters, who with wraps and blankets play 'carriage' and other imaginary games, to the enjoyment of all. The baby is kept clean and warm, off the floor; he can see all that goes on about him and is contented and comfortable.—'New England Homestead.'

Hurried Prayer.

He who rushes hurriedly into the presence of God and hurriedly whispers a few petitions and rushes out again, never, perhaps, sees God there at all. He can no more get a vision than a disquieted lake can mirror the stars. We must stay long enough to become calm, for it is only the peaceful soul in which eternal things are reflected as in a placid water.—Selected.

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P.S.—For 'Books for the Bairns,' see last 'Messenger.'

How She Learned to Pray.

(Helena H. Thomas, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

As the doctor felt the thread-like pulse of his patient, she gasped, appealingly: 'Pray! pray!'

But alas! the kind doctor was a stranger to the great Physician, and realizing his helplessness to grant the last request of one he loved, with a shake of the head and streaming eyes, he stole from the room.

The relinquished hand was then taken by the nurse who had been with the aged saint from the start, and would gladly have shared her sufferings had it been possible, but she, too, was helpless when grandma again opened her eyes and in beseeching tones said:

'Pray! pray!'

For a little time the stillness was unbroken save for moans of the dying, and sobs of the daughters, who could not control themselves sufficiently to pray, and then the dying woman rallied her forces and, in an agonized tone, cried:

'Won't some one pray!'

At that the assistant nurse who, a stranger to all, had been summoned the day previous, came from where she had been within calling distance, with quick step and face alight, as if realizing that the King's business required haste, and gently pushing aside the head nurse, of whom she had before seemed to stand in awe, she took the wrinkled hand and dropping upon her knees prayed as only one can who lives close to the Master. Prayed until the pain-lines gave place to a heavenly calm, and a smile parted the lips of the dying. Prayed until the one for whom she petitioned was beyond the need of prayer.

When all was over, the bereft daughters went apart by themselves, feeling that with mother gone they could not live on and on. As broken-hearted they wept, they heard a tap at the door, followed by the appearance of the praying nurse, who hesitated, as if fearful that she might seem intrusive, and then, with the same look on her face it wore a little earlier, she hurried forward, saying:

'I know how hard it is, for I have lost my mother.'

Then, clasping a hand of those left behind, she prayed until the Comforter whispered to the mourners, 'it is I, be not afraid.'

* * * * *

The foregoing is told in order to lead up to the lesson which it seems to the writer worth while to pass on.

The nurse, whose prayers so comforted mother and daughters, then left so quietly that the half-dazed mourners did not voice their gratitude. so she was sent for a little later, and was met by:

'We never can make you understand how grateful we feel when we think of your prayers the night mother was released. The Comforter surely came through you to dying as well as living.'

Glad tears sprang to the eyes of the consecrated nurse, but her only remark was:

'I am so thankful I learned to pray!'

'"Learned to pray!"' was the puzzled exclamation. 'You mean, I judge, that you are thankful for such a gift. Why, Miss B——, the head nurse told us it broke her heart not to be able to pray with mother, but that she had never prayed aloud, and yet she has been a Christian many years.'

'But I would have been as helpless as she had I not learned to pray,' insisted the nurse.

'Do you mind telling me what you refer to?'

'Oh, no. It was in this way. I had very little religious training in my childhood, as my mother died when I was ten years old and my father was not a Christian. But I was so fortunate, after a time, as to have a most devoted Christian as a Sunday school teacher, who so influenced me for good that after I had been in her class a year I gave myself to Jesus.

'The week following my public profession I received a note from my teacher requesting me to go to her home on Saturday at a given time. I did so, and then dear Mrs. Morton told me how she had at that hour gone apart daily to pray that every member of her class might be led to Christ, and she wound up by saying:

'And now, dear, I want you to come here every Saturday and join me in praying that the rest of the girls may follow your example.'

'Did you?' was the interested query, as the nurse came to a pause.

'Oh, yes, though at first I could only say a few broken words. I simply had to learn to pray!'

'Were the rest of the class converted as well?'

'Yes, our little prayer-meeting of two had an added number until, one by one, the entire class were praying girls.'

'So you think you might have been as helpless that memorable night,—as the head nurse had you not been blessed by having had such a consecrated Sunday School teacher.'

'Indeed I do,' was the emphatic rejoinder. 'People speak of prayer as a gift, but in my case it has been simply using my one talent until I have become enabled to forget self entirely and tell Jesus just what I want.'

'I am so interested in what you have told me of your class that I would like to learn more of the others. Do you keep in touch with them all?'

'Yes, in a measure. Mrs. Morton, our beloved teacher, went to her reward before we disbanded. Two of her praying girls have since joined her. Two are missionaries on the foreign field; one is the wife of a minister, another teaching in a colored school, while I—'

'Honor Christ wherever you go,' added her listener, with tremulous tone, as her arm encircled the one whose prayer had so comforted her dying mother.

'I try to,' said the unassuming nurse, with a happy sigh. 'Anyhow, I am so glad I early learned to pray.'

Beautiful Table Customs.

Quite recently I visited a German widow living in a delightful country seat, with a little son of eight and a daughter of five. As we sat down to the well-spread table, the little boy, folding his hands and closing his eyes, thanked our Father in Heaven for the food before us, and asked Him to bless it. Then the little girl, in childish accents, repeated: 'Lord Jesus, be our guest. Come, and this table bless, and do us good.' The little ones were taught by their pious mother to think whom they were addressing.

At several places where we visited in Scotland the youngest child at the table asked the blessing, and the memory of those sweet, low, reverential childish voices haunts us yet as the echo of some rich carol.

In some families there prevails the beautiful custom of joining in the Lord's Prayer at breakfast; and in one we visited oft last summer this was sometimes omitted, and in its place the 23rd Psalm recited. For a Sunday morning, after a week of plenty and joy, what can prove more suitable?

In other families the silent blessing is the custom; and very touching it is, too, for it seems to make us realize that God is indeed near, when we can give thanks though our lips move not.—'Christian Age.'

Safeguarding a Child's Purity

(By the Author of The Note-book of an Adopted Mother, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'Nearly every mother whose children have grown from babyhood to school age, finds with a pang that they are hearing and seeing things which are impure and degrading. That is to say, she does if she is a vigilant mother and one who keeps the confidence of her children. If she is one of those unfortunately optimistic parents who feel their children safe anywhere and so is not on the alert, her peace of mind may remain unbroken; or if she is one who does not invite confidence she may still possess that ignorance which is bliss.

Suppose she is a young mother, prepared by no training for the duties of maternity and restrained by the conventions of past generations from discussing her perplexity with others, what is she to do? In the hope that one mother's experience may be helpful to others, this article is written.

My sons are adopted children, the younger of whom is now about seven years old. He came to us with his mind unsullied, a strong, manly, upright child of five. The other was eight when we took him and had already heard much that was impure. Before he came the younger boy had heard from me in a wholesome and matter-of-fact way the story of birth. I would hardly have chosen to tell it so clearly, but he saw and heard something on a farm which forced the situation. Although he had been warned by a playmate not to tell his mother, the habit of opening his heart and mind to me was so strong that he disregarded the injunction as soon as he got home, beginning cautiously and talking freely when he found that it was safe. He sat on my lap and I explained to him that it was not a matter to be discussed with other children, but that he could speak of it at any time to his father and me. I also told him that mothers knew much more about such things than boys, and that whenever he wished to understand anything better, he should ask me and I would try to explain it to him.

Keeping a Mother at Bay.

When the older boy came he was evidently full of the idea that a mother was to be kept at bay. A boy was to mind her, or at least to make her think that he did; in her presence he must appear to be respectful, gentle and innocent; what he said or did behind her back did not matter, so long as he was not found out. He was not a boy of vicious nature. On the contrary, he had an unusually fine mind, but he was encrusted, if one may so express it, with wrong habits of thought and action. The two children were brothers and devoted to each other, in spite of long separation. It was a question which would influence the other, and the younger one had his parents' help and prayers on his side.

I knew from a conversation between the two, which I overheard, that the older could not be persuaded that it was safe to attempt confidential relations with me. I knew, too, that he was sharing some things he had learned with his little brother, who would come and repeat them to me. I was very glad when the chance came one day, as we were examining some tiny deer mice, to speak in the most matter-of-fact way of their pre-natal life. The older boy looked scared and turned away his head. I looked at the mice in my hand while I said, 'You knew, didn't you, dear, about such things?'

He hesitated and the younger boy nodded reassuringly. 'Why don't you tell her?' he cried. 'It's always all right to talk about things to your mother.'

Then there was a frightened assent, and I went on to speak of some of the wonders of early nutrition until there was a comfortable break in the dangerous barrier of reserve. Then I changed the subject, feeling that he would soon make his own advances to confidential relations with me, and I was not mistaken.

The Struggle For Purity.

My boys are still little boys. I cannot be sure what the coming years may bring, but I know that at present they are pure and wholesome in purpose, not removed from the impurity of this world, but fighting contamination as wisely as they can and telling their mother what most children exert themselves to hide.

Not many weeks ago the elder boy called me into their room as I was leaving, after tucking them in safely for the night. 'Mother,' he said, 'I wish you'd tell me how I can keep from thinking of the bad things the boys at school say. Somehow, when they're in my mind, I can't help thinking about them.'

Now if there is ever a time when my words fall on respectfully attentive ears it is at bedtime, when the distractions of the day are over and the evening prayer has begotten a sweet seriousness in my two exceedingly active boys. So I ignored the waiting engagement and sat down on the foot of the older boy's bed.

'Which do you like best,' I asked, 'English sparrows or wrens?'

'Wrens, of course,' said the boys.

'If you had a bird house with room in it for just one pair of birds, you would rather have wrens than English sparrows?'

''Course!'

'Pretend your mind is a bird house, and when there are sparrows in it turn them out.

If the bird house is empty they come back and build again. Get some wrens quickly to live there, and the sparrows will stay away. They are the bad thoughts, you know, and the wrens are the good ones.'

This illustration appealed to the boys because we see a yearly struggle between wrens and sparrows for a bird house on our place. Then I told them the story of King John and the Abbess Ana, with the quick and true retort of the abbess:

'We cannot hinder the passing
Of a wild-winged bird overhead;
But well may we keep her from building
Her nest in our garden,' she said.

In telling I was careful to adapt it to their understanding, and they were much interested and amused by these lines, which they repeated after me.

'But how can I make myself think good thoughts?' persisted the elder boy.

'Pretend you are taking a railroad trip, and think what you can see from the car windows,' I suggested, 'or read in one of your books or do some work just as hard as you can.'

'I don't see why you need to ask Mother such questions when she is tired,' remarked the younger boy indignantly, sitting bolt upright in his bed. 'There's lots of interesting things to think about. You might make believe you are a frog. I like to do that.'

Both boys say, 'It isn't any fun to think or say low things. Only,' they add, 'some of the boys say them when we are around, and then we can't forget.'

The older boy once asked a question and answered it himself as follows: 'Who invented all the bad words? Perhaps it was Cain. I suppose he was about the worst man, and he lived so long ago he could get them started.'

This suggested heroic measures to the younger brother, and he said: 'I tell you what I think would be a good thing, Mother. Just kill all the bad people, and then there wouldn't be anybody to spoil our being good, don't you see?' I am not sure that I made them understand that moral fiber comes by resistance of evil, not by isolation from it, but I did my best. Poor little victims of the depravity of others! How much vigilance and skill is required of parents to rob such evils of their fascination! And how necessary it is that the first childish attempts at conversation about such things should not be discouraged by scathing rebukes or a simple injunction not to talk about 'such dreadful things.' My little boy was right when he added to a remark of mine that 'it is God who makes people good,' 'Y-yes, I know it's God, but mothers help a lot!'

Cause of Nervous Breakdown.

The main causes for this wreckage of the nervous system—for wreckage it amounts to in the majority of cases—are too heavy meals and too little sleep and repose. Babies scarcely old enough to walk alone are permitted to sit up to late dinners—are encouraged to eat strong meats—to quote the Biblical phrase, and are allowed to frolic long after lamplight; then the mother or nurse wonders at the wakefulness, the fretfulness and the waywardness of her small charges. The only wonder is that so many of them manage to sanely reach adult years under such a regime.

To get at the root of the evil—nervousness, one should begin with the infant at the day of its birth. Do not have a swinging cradle for it, but a comfortable crib, into which the little one should be placed at regular hours for naps without being rocked or sung to. Feed the tot at regular hours also, and permit no between-meal lunches. Do not overexcite the little brain by boisterous play, and never under any circumstances permit a child to be teased. The pouts and little scowls may be very funny to the observers while the pouting and scowling one is so tiny that it is nothing but a doll, but two or three years hence, when the doll has developed into a fractious screaming boy or girl, the onlookers, although they may be the very ones who assisted in the making of the crosswise disposition, will be prone to observe on the bad bringing up of the little one.—'Delineator.'

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TORONTO, CANADA.

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N.M. 3. Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, French made, over-sewn seams, 2-dome fasteners, glace finish, silk embroidered points, perfect fitting, black and white, sizes 5½ to 8; grey, brown, tan, mode, beaver, sizes 5½ to 7½. Extra Mail Order Special, per pair. Postage Paid .. .. .75

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N.M. 4. Women's Waist of satin-finish English mercerized sateen, fine-quality, front made with tucking, box pleats and fine pin-tucked vest effect, trimmed with strapping and buttons, collar and cuffs trimmed with fine pin tucking $1.25

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N.M. 5. Women's and Children's Fine Irish Lawn Hemstiched Handkerchiefs, 8 for .. .. .25

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N.M. 8. 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 Paris Drape Veils, colors black green, plum, brown, and blue, only 600 to sell, orders filled as received .. .. .50

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N.M. 27. 3,000 Swiss Embroidered Turn-over Collars. Regular 10c and 12½c each. Stocktaking Price, one each of three patterns for .. .. .15

N.M. 28. 500 dozen very pretty Embroidered Wash Belts, with neat, dainty harness buckle, each .. .. .10

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N.M. 31. Chiffon Collar Foundations, black and white, 3 for .. .. .. .05

N.M. 32. For the month of January we are going to sell the best Pad Hose Supporter ever sold in Canada, for .. .. .22

35c Sets for 18c

N.M. 33. Swiss Embroidered Collar and Cuff Set, this includes one turn-over collar and one pair of cuffs to match. We have 600 dozen to sell at, per set... .. .. .18

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N.M. 34. 1 1-4 inch Gilt Belting, regular 25c per yard. Sale Price for belt length of 3-4 yard... .. .. .05

N.M. 35. Little Girls' and Boys' Buster Brown Belts, each .. .. .05

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N.M. 36. Boys' Good, Strong, Domestic Tweed Two-piece Norfolk Suits, assorted dark patterns in stripe and small check effects, greys and grey and black mixtures, lined throughout and substantially tailored, sizes, 24 to 30. Regular $3.00 and $3.50 value, for $2.49

The customer who selects any one of the above mentioned articles, we guarantee will be pleased with both value and style.

Write for our Spring and Summer Catalogue, which will be ready about Feb. 10th.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA.

The King and Sunday Labor.

The King follows Queen Victoria's practice of not asking Scottish servants to perform work that can be avoided on Sundays.

His Majesty, while residing at Balmoral, is awakened in the morning by his chief piper playing the bagpipes below his window. On one occasion a visitor at Balmoral asked the King why the piper did not perform on Sundays. 'I never asked him to do it on Sunday, and I am quite sure if I did ask him, he would not do it,' was the unexpected reply. —'Christian Age.'

The Soup Bone.

There is a knack in knowing how to choose a good soup bone as well as in knowing how to cook it. It ought to be about two-thirds meat and one-third bone and fat. In the winter it is an excellent plan, providing you have a large enough soup kettle, to purchase two bones for soup—one the knuckle, which seldom costs over four or five cents a pound, the other a solid flesh piece, costing perhaps seven or eight cents. When the meat is cooked to the point where, if it were a stew, you would take it from the fire, lift out with a skimmer on a large platter the meaty soup bone and cut away from it the nicest pieces of beef. You can often obtain two or three pounds of this meat, well seasoned and tendered by slow cooking. Return the bone to the soup kettle, and allow it to simmer until the bones drop apart. The meat which has been taken out may be utilized in a number of ways. It makes excellent hash. When well-seasoned it is not to be despised in the shape of croquettes. With a cup of the stock and a few parboiled vegetables you have a savory stew. —Selected.

The 'Use' of Courtesy.

(By the Author of 'Preston Papers.')

'Mamma, why didn't you get mad and talk back when that old Mrs. Simmers said such mean things to you? I just wanted to hit her!'

'Which I am very glad that you didn't do, my son.'

'Why are you so glad? She was about as mean as anything I ever saw!'

'Yes, she was pretty mean. But I know better; therefore I ought to do better than she does. I am a Christian, which she does not profess to be, and I have the advantages of education and of polite society, which she has not had. So I made all possible allowance for her, and incidentally I wanted to do the very best thing for myself that I could.'

'Well, Mamma, after you have been a good friend to such a woman, don't you think it would be a good thing for you if you put a stop to her abuse?' asked Henry, urgently.

'Yes, it would have been best for both of us, if I could have done it politely. But she was in no condition to listen to the soft answer which is all that I am at liberty to give, but which would have been out of place then. So I thought it best to let it all go, and be courteous, knowing that when she came to her better senses she would feel differently,' and Mrs. Singleton smiled as she went on mending the rip that Henry had come in to have repaired, just in time to hear his mother soundly berated by a woman whom she had befriended.

'I don't see the use of so much courtesy when she didn't deserve it,' pursued Henry.

Mrs. Singleton was quite in the habit of talking freely with her children on such commonplace themes, and many a lesson went into a well-prepared mind as a result, which might otherwise have been lost. So now, instead of saying, as some might have done: 'You will see the use when you are older,' she simply said: 'Courtesy is a commercial factor of success; so that even if you have no nobler reason for self-control than merely to do the best for yourself, and that from a financial point only, it would be best to always be polite.'

'Is there a book full of better reasons than those you have mentioned, Mamma?' and Henry laughed encouragingly.

'I think that there is, and some pretty good ones that are selfish, too.'

As a matter of fact Henry learned, in this talk, that (1) Polite manners lead to kindly thoughts and expression of kindly thoughts. (2) Courtesy aids self-control in other ways; for one who is habitually polite, even under trial, will have a better 'grip' on self, than one who is swayed by emotions alone. (3) Courtesy makes one more agreeable to other people, thereby extending the opportunities for personal friendships. (4) In many kinds of business a brusque manner will act as a weight, to pull down the value of an otherwise desirable employee. And it is no excuse that 'His bark is worse than his bite,' for the one without either will distance the other fellow with half an effort. (5) Courtesy, like other things, is a game of give and take; and the more you give the more you may reasonably expect to get from it. (6) Courtesy has its effect, too, in lifting the entire person from a low plane to a higher one, through the valuable quality of self-control, which it helps develop. (7) Courtesy prolongs life, because of this self-control which it helps to give, as the friction of the little things wears on nerves, muscle, mind and digestion. (8) Christianity without courtesy is weakened by just what this would give.—New York 'Observer.'

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

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